

SPIRIT

OF THE

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THE LAST WISH OF RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC.

(European Magazine, Nov. 1.)

THE APPARITION.

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned :
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell :
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

Shakspeare.

WHETHER the souls of the departed can visit the living has been long a matter of doubt and dispute ; yet the universality of the opinion seems, in some degree, to countenance it. There is a strange longing in human nature after the fearful and terrible secrets of the grave, that would fain acquire knowledge of the state we are hereafter doomed to be placed in : that this curiosity should be damped with fear is not to be wondered at. The feeling of dim horror that must accompany any communication with a being, which we know once to have been as ourselves, but of which we know nothing either as to its nature, its power, or its intent ; the idea of corruption, of fear, of mystery, and terror which is associated with such thoughts, lend intensity to horror, and clothe even the loathsomeness of the charnel-house in more hideous apparelling ; the idea of which is abhorrence, the reality distraction. I value not the ridiculous stories and feigned proofs of Glavil, and such writers ; but the doubting of such a man as Johnson, may shield from contempt another, who may believe in such appearances.

My health had been greatly injured by my last adventure in the mountain ; indeed so much, that I expected not, and scarce hoped to recover ; the fierce, ardent spirit of Raymond was at length quelled : but I longed once more ere I closed my mortal career, to view again my native Zetland : when once I had thought of this, my mind was like an electric flash darting from one object to another ; all things assumed a brighter and more favourable appearance, and my heart yearned and panted for the hour when I should behold, shrouded in all its misty glory, the land of wind and storm. As I lay on my couch, in a small Dominican Convent at Naples, to which I had been conveyed through the burning ashes of the volcano, by a poor brother of that order, I dreamed of home and happiness ; I fancied myself once more listening to the mighty weltering of the ocean, as it dashed its huge waves in defiance against the rocks of my native shore ; I heard again the war of that tremendous night-wind that appals the heart of every Zetlander, as he cowers shuddering in his small habitation ; deeming that the terrible king of storms is abroad, shaking his all-covering wings : and I thought I was again scaling the dizzy steps I have so often trod in quest of the eggs of sea-fowl ; and beheld from the rustling precipice, the eternal lashing and rushing of the boiling sea beneath. Terrific as these visions were

in themselves, my heart felt gladdened in the idea that I was treading no foreign strand; and if I perished, the breeze that gave life to my brethren, would receive my latest sigh.

As I passed through one of the great piazzas or squares of the city, I met my friend Rudolph Feldspar, of the Mermaid, who seemed delighted and surprised to see me; but greatly grieved to perceive the wonderful change that the harassing cares of my wild life had made upon my constitution, I informed him of my strange adventures, and expressed to him the great desire I had to re-visit Zetland; he said that he himself was about to sail almost immediately for England, and thence after some slight preparation, he should direct his course homeward. "But perhaps," said he, "you will join me;" and as he spoke, he advanced towards me, and taking my arm we proceeded onwards. "You must know," said he, "there is a spectacle exhibited this day in the city which is rather of a singular kind, and will perhaps amuse you; prayers are this day offered at the shrine of St. Januarius, their patron saint, in the great cathedral; come, you must with me, they will be about it even now; we must, if possible, contrive to banish this despondency. This St. Januarius of theirs," continued Feldspar, "you must know, suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century; and while the executioner was performing the act of decapitation, some pious personage I think caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been preserved, without its decreasing, ever since." I smiled at his jocularly; and he was continuing, when we perceived an immense multitude moving on towards the great cathedral, and made haste to join them: we found that it consisted chiefly of people of the first rank in Naples, headed by the brethren of the different religious orders; amongst the most conspicuous of which were the Franciscans, the Augustines, and the Dominicans; and followed by an immense concourse of the Lazaroni, who had flocked from their caverns at Pensilippo, to be spectators of the scene. Before this *mêlée* walked the chief priest in his pontificals, bearing

upon a velvet cushion, richly ornamented with gold, the costly vial containing a solid dark looking substance resembling coagulated blood: upon this he looked with the deepest marks of veneration and awe, and the band of monks seemed to regard it with feelings of pride and exultation. The tops of of the houses, which were principally of stone, and flat-roofed, together with the balconies, were thronged with spectators, who bowed as the sacred relic passed them; indeed, the miracle about to be performed was considered as one of the great of great by the Neapolitans.

The Cathedral of Naples, though built in the gothic style of architecture, is nevertheless, a splendid and magnificent building; and the first view of it, awful and imposing; the dark and imbrowned walls cast a gloomy and solemn shade over the whole of the inside, and scarcely reveal the dusky recesses, wherein are lodged the dim and reverend figures of the saints: as you gaze around, with eyes determined to penetrate through the mysterious twilight that reigns over here, you may discern occasionally a half-closed door, probably leading to some haunt of religious fanaticism, the sight of which awakens strange feelings of curiosity and awe.

We soon arrived at this reverend pile; and I was witness to a spectacle which, though termed by Addison a bungling performance, certainly very much affected me: as we entered the organ was playing a low solemn music, which rolled deeply along, and was answered again by sounds, like the whisperings of a spirit, made by the crowd, who waited in the intense agony of superstition for the, in their eyes, preternatural event. From the Cathedral, after the priest had uttered a low prayer, a few, amongst whom I was admitted, passed through a private door, and entered the chapel of the saint; where I saw a sumptuous press, with folding doors of silver, which being opened, there gushed forth a strong perfume; and I beheld, cased in a large bust of silver, studded with jewels and stones of an immense value, what I was told was the head of St.

Januarius; this was carefully lifted up and carried back to the Cathedral, where the Chief Priest had remained. Upon the approach of this sacred effigy, he knelt down, took the vial in his hands, and uttered a low prayer for protection against the mountains, and thanks for the late deliverance. I contemplated him with interest; for he was, indeed, a fine and venerable picture. A few hoary locks fell down his back as he knelt, and strained his eyes heavenward in the frenzy of devotion. There was a mildness, a tincture of belief in the miracle he expected to be performed, that sat upon his countenance, and gave a peculiar expression to his fine features: around him stood the people, gazing with fear, reverence, and expectation upon him; and the low breaking and impressive sound of the organ completed the scene. Suddenly he rose, apparently in an ecstasy of joy—"Our prayer is granted my children," said he; "behold!"—he held the vial towards them—the blood was liquified—the miracle was accomplished. Never did I hear any thing to equal the expressions of joy which the deluded multitude uttered: the air was rent with their shouts, and nothing was heard but blessings and exclamations of astonishment: a thousand benedictions were showered upon the head of the father; and they believed that all their wishes had been granted, and all their prayers heard.

This tumult was somewhat allayed by a full burst of the organ; and a chorus of voices, from some unseen persons, chaunted the following hymn:—

HYMN TO SAINT JANUARIUS.

Oh! listen thou saint of the mountain of flame;
Oh! list to the suppliants who call on thy name,
Thou hast saved us from earthquake, and tempest
and fire,
Let the song of our praises be higher and higher!

Oh! give to the blood of the vial to flow
As it did in thy veins; while a mortal below;
As a signal, a promise, a covenant, a sign,
That the grace on the sons of thy children shall shine

It is done—it is done—and the streaming drops flow;
Let the accents of praises be heard from below.
To the saint who has saved us from peril and flame,
To the saint of the mountain, give praise to his name!

As the last strain died away in the echoes of the Cathedral, the rush of the crowd who were absolutely electrified, and who seemed determined, though it should be at the expense of their lives, to see the holy blood, was tremendous; indeed so powerful, that by the violence of the first shock, Feldspar, and I were separated; and every one was so closely jammed together, that it was quite impossible to move: it was at this moment that I felt a slight pressure on my shoulder; and a voice in low but deep accents whispered in my ear, "Raymond! remember your pledge."—I shuddered—the voice thrilled through me—my blood ran back to my heart. I had heard the voice, it resembled George Harvey's, though it was deeper. I endeavoured to gain a sight of the mysterious speaker, but it was impossible; my arms were fast squeezed to my sides, and I could not turn my head: horrible ideas rushed into my mind—the excessive pressure, the heat of the place, and my weak state of body overpowered me. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. I uttered a feeble cry for help, and fainted.

I had been conveyed to Feldspar's lodgings in the city; from whence, as as soon as my health permitted, we set sail for England. We weighed anchor under the most favourable circumstances; but I shall not attempt to describe it; it would be superfluous, tedious, and monotonous; it was like all others,—

"Alternate sun, alternate showers,"

and descriptions, by much more skilful hands, would equally apply to it; one thing, however, happened, which is too important to be omitted.

One evening we were suddenly becalmed: not a breath of air could be felt, and the vessel floated silently upon the vast and stirless sea. She seemed a huge, solitary thing upon a boundless plain, where silence ever brooded. I never saw so dead a calm: the sailors crowded and huddled together, and shook their heads, and said it boded no good. The moon was shining calm and bright, high in the vaulted heavens, and flooded the blue water with her beams, which reflected them like polished silver. I stood near the stern,

and contemplated, with inexpressible feelings, this novel scene. As I gazed, I felt a soft and melancholy languor steal over me. I felt that delicious sadness which I had before experienced, when listening to the soft song of the Bucentunri, as I reclined in the galley that bore me over the moonlight waves of the Adriatic. Suddenly, as I watched, a strain burst upon my ears, wilder than any thing I had ever heard, accompanied as with the windings of a thousand horns, and the clashing of cymbals. It swelled from softness to command, and thrilled through the ears of every one. Nothing was visible, nor could I exactly tell whether the sounds proceeded from the water or the air.

SONG OF A WATER SPIRIT.

Retire ! Retire !
For in his chariot the mighty Spirit,
That does the blue depths of Ocean inherit,
Is passing by.

Retire ! Retire !
For this night the Sea-King shall
Hold his stupendous Carnival
Upon the trembling sea.

Retire ! Retire !
For 'tis not given to mortal eye
The secrets of the deep to try.—
Retire, or perish !

We listened in fear and astonishment to this appalling command, and exclamations of terror were heard on all sides. The first consideration was, how we were to avoid the danger threatened, when the sea assumed an appearance that strangely contrasted with the slumbering quietude it had before exhibited. At about the distance of a mile, from where the vessel lay, there suddenly swelled a wave, which towered up to the sky, and seemed threatening defiance against the heavens ; it rolled onwards like a giant in his pride, glorying in his immensity, and kissed, as it passed, the smiling face of the firmament. All were chilled to the heart, for we doubted not that destruction was inevitable. How could it be avoided—there was no retreating ; there was not wind enough to crisp the sea, much more to stir a sail. It advanced slowly and steadily on ; and distant sounds of tumult and revelry were heard, but, near us, all was as calm and placid as

before ; like the treacherous desert wave, that smiles as it lures on to death. Each one stood irresolute, gazing on the mighty moving thing ; expectant of death, yet unable to avoid it, like the fair victim of the sea monster. I alone felt all the power and grandeur of the scene ; my life was a straw to me ; and I watched its approach with mixed emotions of awe and hope. The noise of strange music and song now waxed louder and louder as the vast billow advanced ; it rolled on nearer and nearer ; we could now perfectly see it ; it was one immense sheet of water, like an arch, stretching for miles, that cast its dark shadow over us. In it, forms stranger and wilder than thought can conceive, or words describe, danced and plunged about. In the centre, upon a throne of purest crystal emitting rays brighter than those of the sun, sat an enormous figure, the like whereof was never seen. His head was as that of a bull, in which one eye glared like a meteor ; and his huge body, clothed in scales, that gleamed like burning gold. Upon his right hand, holding for a spear the spiral lance of the sea unicorn, frowned the dark form of the Miner of Zellerfeld, clad in armour of the most beautiful gems, each of them worth an empire ; on his left, a Spirit, beautiful and terrible as sin, arrayed in a vest of green shells, with flashing eyes and glowing hair, bore the brow of Time, for eternity seemed written upon it. They were girded round as with the darkling embryo of storms, all ready to rush forth at their command. Behind and around them, in all directions, whirled a host of spirits, decked out in the most brilliant manner. Some appeared mounted on dolphins and sharks ; others resting upon the continued fountain which sprung from the nostrils of the whale ; others darted javelins, made of the tusks of the hippopotamus, in mock warfare, at each other ; and eternally sounds were produced from conchs of the most singular form, terrible, yet grand. Here rolled the immense floundering form of the leviathan, the shaggy sea lion, the tusked walrus, and the fleshy blubber fish :—

all the monsters of the deep seemed called into action. It was now almost upon us, when I, stung to desperation, and determined to do something ere I perished, seized a small harpoon, and running to the end of the vessel which fronted this tremendous host, threw it with all my might at the form of the Miner. So true was my aim, that it pierced him exactly in the centre of his temples; our crew set up a wild shout of horror at the deed, but the consequence was astonishing: the vast wave sunk and subsided immediately, and one loud wail echoed from the sea to the sky. All became black as midnight, and the air thick, choaking, and almost palpable. Nothing could be seen for a yard before us; a general commotion took place; and, in the darkness, many fell overboard; it was indeed, a night of terror: low bursts from the sea: the weltering of the waves: prayers, groans, and curses, were heard every where. Could the heart of man bear long such an accumulation of horror? But the worst was yet to come.—The black overhanging canopy of clouds, that muffled up the beautiful sky, were rent open at once, and a broad streak of dusky lurid light spread from one extremity to the other; it was of a deep blood-red colour, and reflected every thing like a mirror: in it we could see the ocean working and lashing itself, to foam like a boiling cauldron; and the ship, like a lost thing, feebly encountering the rage of the world of waters. Streams of light now gushed from the clouds, that like pillars, supported the glaring sky; and we saw, as it were, a fleet moving towards us, in the form of a crescent. The spectral thing advanced, and we beheld on board stately warriors, as pale and as cold looking as marble, with fixed eyes and motionless limbs; they passed by on each side of us, with unbroken order in all their terrible pomp.—Then, again, the ocean rolled up, and swallowed us, the figures we had seen before, danced their terrible dances, and sung and revelled, and dashed about in the waves, till one tremendous clash shook heaven and ocean. Forms came striding on towards us, and sunk, of every shape and

magnitude: headless and horrible monsters extended their arms to seize us, and the teeth of the sea lions glistened to devour us. These things vanished each instant, and their places were as quickly supplied: but the water soon stifled us, and took away all perception.

When I recovered from the long insensibility into which I had fallen, I found myself lying on a rough wave-worn rock, and heard the sea dashing beside me. I looked around: I had been thrown by the waves into a vast cavern, whose extent by reason of the impenetrable darkness, I could not discern; it was extremely lofty, and the crags that jutted down seemed like outstretched hands, ready to bear me away. It gradually widened and expanded from the narrow entrance, near which I lay, into prodigious width and height. A rapid stream of salt water rushed furiously past at my feet, and, joining with some other currents which forced themselves through similar interstices in the rock, was dashed down in an immense fall, whose roarings and bellowsings, like those of some enraged giant, were echoed and re-echoed by the deep and spirit-like voices of the lofty cavern.

I lay here awhile, ruminating upon the prodigies I had lately been a witness of, and upon means of escape from my perilous situation, which I well knew could only be effected by exertion, and, therefore, determined to set about it instantly, ere another relapse should preclude all chance of success. The darkness which enveloped every thing, at once prevented me from choosing to penetrate deeper into the cavern, so I resolved to look to the entrance. I found great difficulty in raising myself; my limbs were stiffened and cramped by the moist cold stone, and I had likewise sustained innumerable bruises, by being thrown against the sharp rocks, so that it was no easy matter for me to crawl along, even at a slow pace. This platform of rocks, I found, shelved down to the sea, which rose considerably higher than the entrance, and only could force itself in by a small aperture, through which it gushed to the cataract. Weak as I was, I scarcely hesitated a moment, but rous-

ing every energy, and collecting every remaining portion of strength, I dived through the narrow chasm; I cut through the waves as long as my breath lasted, and when I rose high above the water, was greeted by the sheen of the bright sun and the blue heavens. I looked towards the land; crags and precipices met my eye every where; I however swam on: escape from death, which had appeared, in the gloomy place I had just left to be yawning for me, gave me hope and spirits and vigour. I prayed for deliverance, nor were my prayers unheard. Between a narrow slip or cleft of two rocks, I perceived green fields; my heart leaped within me: I swam towards it; I crawled up the sides with a preternatural strength; I rushed through the opening; I bounded on the field; I gave one look, but that one was sufficient; I knew, I knew where I was: I saw my own dear Zetland; but it was too much: I fainted.

The first words that I heard uttered after this was from a well known voice,—“How are ye, my brave heart?”

I looked up: I knew the fine venerable features: the smile tempered with sorrow: the keen blue eye, that had somewhat lost its fire: the scant grey locks; it was my old friend, Martin Skelder.

I raised myself as well as I could from my resting place; I seized his hand; and, in an almost inarticulate voice exclaimed,—“Martin!”

We both were equally affected, and there was a long dead pause, which was at length broken by Martin—“Raymond I rejoice, yet I sorrow to see ye—ye are sairly—sairly altered—many a wearisome care ye maun ha’ had sin ye left us, to have wrinkled that once smooth brow, and grizzled that black hair. Ye have seen nae common perils.” I mournfully replied in the affirmative, and informed him of the extraordinary manner in which I found myself cast into the cavern at Zetland, when the storm had happened far off in the Atlantic.

Skelder shook his head: “You were wrecked off our coast,” said he; “Feldspar’s vessel is too well known here not to be easily recognized.

Three nights since it was seen hovering among the blue mists about a mile from the shore; it came nearer, but mist and darkness clouded round it. We got upon the rocks to watch her motions, for the weather was hazy, and every thing boded the coming storm. We wondered that she sent out no boat, for she floated along and never cast anchor. Presently a growling squally wind arose, and all the clouds rolled out, and darkened the whole face of the sky: the sea swelled and splashed the black crags upon the beach: night drew on, and it was an awful one; but the ship never sent out a boat.

“We saw the poor labouring and struggling thing tossed by foaming breakers: such a skirling and roaring there never was, and such flashing and gleaming of lightning: and then the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the sleety rain; but the greedy waves soon sucked in their victim: they cast themselves up, and gloried over, as she went down,—poor fated souls! We heard their shrieks and cries, but could not help them. Feldspar buffeted the waters a moment, but it was unavailing; he was dashed against yon red rock, and his head cloven in twain.”

Such then had been the fate of the gallant, the daring, the heroic Feldspar, a man whose sense of honour, whose generosity of spirit, and whose frank and free humour was unequalled: I loved him as a brother.

Old Martin here paused; and his emotions were so overpowering, that he rushed out of the apartment. I wept at the fate of my friend like an infant; and soon fretted myself into a slumber which, contrary to my expectations, was sound and refreshing.

I awoke from some cause or other about the middle of the night, nor did I again feel inclined to sleep; I therefore raised myself up on my truckle bed and looked around. The mild beams of the moon flooded round the small chamber, and rendered every thing plain and distinct. It was hung round with nets and small plaited spears, with here and there a dusty seal-skin cap and blue jacket; and on the floor were laid some rudely fashioned chests

and other lumber. As I was gazing upon these objects, "inanimate tractors of the soul," as some one would call them, and thinking upon my own fishing exploits, I cast a careless glance towards the foot of the bed;—all the blood curdled in my veins as I saw in a slip of wan moonlight, that gushed through the narrow window, the figure of George Harvey; he stood there even as I had known him when alive, only pale as a corse, and moveless; his eyes were fixed and unmeaning, and a dim blue lambent fire seemed to encircle him round like a halo, but his dress was exactly the same, and his hair,—his black and crisped locks,—divided in the centre, still grew and curled: not a feature was altered; but there was something about him that breathed of the grave; something that caused all the flesh to creep on my bones: my eyes were fixed intently on his, and a damp cold sweat burst out on my brow: I tried in vain to utter a word, my faculties were entranced and enchained in horror, and my tongue stuck fast to the roof of my mouth; at last, by a mighty effort, I compelled myself to speak, and though it was unlike the sound of any thing earthly, hollow and rattling, it was sufficient. "Harvey," said I. The shade came nearer; it seemed a thing of air: so light, so noiseless, that I could not hear its approach: it stood by me, and smiled upon me. "Raymond," said it, in a soft musical voice, so soft, indeed, that I never heard its like, save in the breathings of the summer-wind over an Eolian lyre,—*"Raymond, I may now visit thee; my pledge is now also redeemed; I would have been with you sooner, but it was not permitted me. There has been a fearful strife for ye, Raymond, but your good fates have got the better; the demon who has so long persecuted you, will now trouble you no more. There have things occurred, but I may not reveal them; your good and your evil deeds have been weighed in the balance; had they been found wanting—but you shall see as far as my power extends; arise, and follow me."* I obeyed him. We passed through

another apartment, there lay old Skelder sleeping; his breathing seemed, however, to stop; and the hair bristled up on the back of the whining dog that lay at his feet, as the spirit passed. The door flew open, and we stood in the open air; we passed along till we came to a remarkably green patch of ground. Here the spirit paused; I watched its slow and solemn movement in speechless awe. It raised its head upwards towards heaven, and that smiling heaven seemed to grow brighter as the pure etherial being gazed upon it. The ground at our feet now began to move and tremble, the grass blades untwined and separated, and a yawning chasm lay open before us; I looked down it; it seemed a gradual sloping descent, as far as it was visible, to which there was no termination. The spirit descended, and I followed; we passed on long in utter darkness, and seemed to be penetrating the very bowels of the earth, when suddenly a dazzling brilliant flash of light burst upon us, almost too intense for mortal eye to bear; we still kept on, and the light grew brighter and brighter, and the fissure in the earth widened each instant. We now emerged into a vast illimitable hall, silent but shining with reflected light; it was hot and stifling; but no sounds were heard, not so much as the tread of my footsteps; it seemed the hall of death. The vasty walls were of clear bright beaming crystal, and one immense column of the same substance descended from the roof to the floor. To this, girdled with brazen chains, was fastened my hated foe, the Miner, of a huge size, and foaming and struggling with impotent rage; when he beheld me, his efforts were terrible: his eyes glared: and he churned and gnashed his teeth, and shook his everlasting chains; but he could not break his bonds, and he shrunk back in sullen and moody silence. The spirit gazed upon me. "Thy foe is fast for ever," said he; "he shall pursue thee no longer; thou art safe: remember this, and live. Farewell." The spirit—the entombed prison sunk, and I found myself lying near the cottage of old Martin Skelder.

(London Mag. November.)

THE COCKPIT ROYAL.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking——.

Lord Byron.

I WAS sitting, some evenings ago, in my room, at the first coming of the twilight, which in our Albany rooms is fond of paying early visits;—my head was indolently hung back upon the red morocco top of my easy chair, and my hands were hung like two dangling bell-ropes over each arm of my seat—and in this position I was ruminating on many things of little moment. I had thus leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to the most luxurious idleness,—a kind of reading made easy,—when a knuckle, knocking at my door, intimated the arrival of some impatient visitor—and before I could muster voice enough to give Tate Wilkinson's direction of "Come in!" the tooth of my door-lock was wrenched, and Tom Morton, with a newspaper in his hand, dashed in—and at once stood astounded, with his white hat elevated on his forehead—admiring my amazing stupor.

"Why Edward! Edward Herbert! Asleep, by all that's sublime!—There he sits, deaf to time!—Edward, I say! Come, bolt up from the morocco! I have news for your two *no-thoroughfare* ears, which ought to make you as lively as an eel with half his waistcoat off!—Here," said he, smacking a creased and dingy newspaper, with an air of vehement exultation—"here is that which will be life itself to you!"—I closed my book-mind quietly, or doubled it up, as Tom would say, and raising myself with difficulty into an erect posture—rubbed my eyes, uncrossed my tingling legs (which were just beginning to wake out of a nap), and begged, through the archway of a yawn, to know what this very sprightly piece of news consisted of. Tom pulled, or rather tossed off his hat, nodded to me a nod more eloquent than speech, and tipping an acute wink out of the left corner of his little impudent grey eye proceeded at once to read aloud from the first column of the newspaper. He pronounced one word with an emphasis

the most pointed—COCKING!—and then paused to let loose wink the second, which, if possible, was more charged with mystery than the former,—"*cocking!*—there Edward!" continued he—"there! cocking—at the Royal Cockpit, Tufton-street, Westminster!—there;—and then he went strictly through a formal advertisement,—touching—"200 the main,"—and "byes," and "feeders"—and "gentlemen of Norwich," and "a deal of skimble-skamble stuff," which for the life of me I could not retain, and therefore cannot now repeat.

When Tom had finished his formal information, he very readily and clearly, at my request, divested the announcement of its technicalities, and explained to me, that on such a day, being the morrow, a grand main of cocks was to be fought at the Royal Cockpit, at which, for 5s. the head (certainly not the heart), a man might be present. It required little of my volatile friend's rhetoric to induce me to promise my attendance, as I had never been present at any thing of the kind, higher than a full-feathered blustering skirmish of a couple of huge-combed, red-ruffled, long-tailed dung-hills, amid a wilderness of poultry, in a farm yard. I had seen no clean fighting—no beautiful sparring in silver—no blood match! as Tom earnestly describes it. I was the more induced to accede to his request of accompanying him, from learning that he could introduce me to Mr. D——, one of the principal breeders of game cocks—a gentleman of the most winning manners—and one who could and would describe to me the characters present, and procure for me the sight of the coops and pens, where the birds were fed and kept previously to the day of battle.

I begged Tom Morton would by some means get me a sight of any book upon cocking, as I was extremely desirous of going to the scene of war with as

much ready-made knowledge as I could, in the short time allowed me, acquire. He said, he himself had a tidy little work upon the subject, which would let me into the whole art of trimming, matching and betting,—but that he would apply to his friend Mr. D——, who would inform him if there were any more erudite and desirable books on the sport. I gladly availed myself of Tom's pamphlet, and to my pleasure (certainly not to my surprise) he pulled it from his coat pocket, and laid it down quietly on my table. We arranged all things for our meeting the next day—and it was settled that he should call upon me, and that I should be ready for him by half past one o'clock. The candles were brought in; and Tom, vowing that he had "to finish Preston on Abstracts, and to sharpen up a pair of Malay cock-spurs for his friend, before he went to roost,"—scrambled into his hat, touched my man-servant Robert, (an old trick of his,) so smartly on his parsely figured waistcoat as to startle him into a "hey, Mr. Thomas!"—and then, finally bowing formally and solemnly to me, departed.

Tom Morton called punctually on the day, and at the appointed hour; dressed up dutifully for the sport, and well fitted to rival a horse-dealer or a groom—yet with a loose-hung gentility about him, that just left it a matter of doubt whether you ought to ask him into your drawing-room or your stable. We took our way across the Park with hasty, eager feet, and were with very little difficulty soon conducted to the door of a dull old-fashioned building in Tufton-street, Westminster, around which were sauntering a sprinkle of old gentlemen, old hackney masters, old sportsmen, old leathern-breeches, old top-boots, old canes, old nondescripts: all that was strange, and vitiated, and extravagant in age seemed collected about this spot; and I could not but remark how few I saw of the young, the rakish, and the depraved, present at a sport which was cruel enough for excitement, and uncertain enough for the purposes of gambling. One or two solitaires of a youthful appearance dangled about as half in shame and half in curi-

osity; but I detected none of the enthusiastical bustle, none of the wildness, spirit, and pleasure which light up "young bloods" at other of the ancient and rude sports of this country. One very respectable and aged gentleman on crutches struggled his way on the unmolested pavement to the door, as the fires of his youth would not go out, and accident or disease, could not warn him to subside into the proprieties of his years. The doors were at length opened, and we paid our entrance money, and received the check for admission. This check was cast in pewter, and had the figure of a fighting cock embossed upon it. But we entered the pit!

The cockpit is a large, lofty, and circular building, with seats rising as in an amphitheatre. In the middle of it is a round matted stage, of about eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, as nearly as my eye can measure it, and rimmed with an edge eight or ten inches in height, to keep the cocks from falling over in their combats. There is a chalk ring in the centre of the matted stage, of perhaps a yard diameter, and another chalk mark within it much smaller, which is intended for the setting to, when the shattered birds are so enfeebled as to have no power of making hostile advances towards each other. This inner mark admits of their being placed beak to beak. A large and rude branched candlestick is suspended low down, immediately over the mat, which is used at the night battles.

When we entered there were very few persons in the pit; for as the gentlemen of the match were not seated, the principal followers of the sport were beguiling the time at a public-house opposite the cockpit. A tall, shambling, ill-dressed fellow was damping the mat with a mop, which he continually dipped in a pail of water, and sparingly and most carefully sprinkled around him. This was to make it soft for the birds, and to prevent their slipping. We took our seats at the foot of a flight of stairs, that went up into one of the coops,—judging that that would be the best spot for seeing as much as was to be seen. There are two "tir-

ing rooms"—of course, for the separate sides.—One room, or more properly, coop, is up the flight of stairs I have mentioned; the other is beneath it, and has an entrance without the pit.

At this time my friend Tom's friend, Mr. D——, arrived, and I was introduced to him at once. He was a young man (I was almost sorry for this, because it untied a theory of mine, respecting the sport being a propensity of age only, owing, as I had settled it, to its being easy of enjoyment, a sedentary amusement, not troublesome to the beholders, cruel enough to stir the blood, and open to money-stakes like a game at cards; played in fact at a table, and under shelter. However my theory is foolish). Mr. D——, as I said, was young, he was also lusty—fresh-coloured—cheerful;—open as day in his manners and in his conversations, —and free from that slang slyness which generally characterizes the sporting man. Tom told him that I was anxious to see and know all I could; and he immediately opened to me the curiosities of the place, with a lively liberty, and a power of description, which I wish in my heart I could have caught from him. Seeing that he was thus so pleasantly minded, I began boldly at the beginning, and begged to know something of the rules and regulations of cocking. He turned to at them, in high feather, on the instant.

The birds (I am saying after him) are weighed and matched—and then marked and numbered. The descriptions are carefully set down, in order that the cock may not be changed; and the lightest cocks fight first in order. The key of the pens, in which the cocks are set and numbered, is left on the weighing-table on the day of weighing; or the opposite party may, if he pleases, put a lock on the door. The utmost possible care, in short, is taken, that the matched birds shall fight, and no substitutes be intruded.

Mr. D—— next gave me a very particular description of the modes of setting-to—of terminating difficult battles—of betting—and of parting the entangled birds; but as I really could not very clearly follow his rapid and spirited explanation, and as I am about to

relate to you a battle as I myself saw it, I will not detain you here with my imperfect detail of his very perfect description.

But before the birds are pitted, Mr. D——'s account of a few of the characters must not be omitted. I cannot at all give you them in *colours*, as my new friend dashed them off; but I will follow him in a respectful *Indian-ink*, and at a distance; and you must make the most you can of what I am able to afford you.

There was a tall, sallow-faced powdered man standing below us. He took snuff industriously, wore very yellow breeches,—very brown aged top boots,—and a black coat of the *same* colour. He was sixty years of age if he was a month—and I never saw a dull man so enlivened as he was with this his *betting hour*, and the approaching warfare. He had a word for every one near him, and a restlessness which would not allow him to wait for answers. I found that he was a hackney-coach proprietor, and that cock-fighting was his only amusement. He thought playing at cards a waste of time,—a disgraceful kind of gambling, and he could not endure the barbarities of a man-fight, which he called "seeing two human creatures knock each other to pieces for other people's sport." Cockfighting was the only game! He was steady in his business, when no cockfight was on the carpet, and idle and tacit in a public-house parlour at nights.—But in the pit he was at home! Sovereigns were golden dust, which blew about in the breath of his opinion; and he rose into perfect life only in the presence of a "Shropshire Red," or "a Ginger Pile!"

Nearly opposite to this person was a very orderly, quiet, respectably dressed man, with a formal, low crowned, broad-brimmed hat,—a black suit of clothes, and a dark silk umbrella. He was trying to look demure and unmoved; but I was told that he was a clergyman, and that he would be "quite up in the stirrups" when the cocks were brought in. He forced himself to be at ease; but I saw his small, hungry, hazel eyes quite in a fever,—and his hot, thin, vein-embossed hand, rubbing

the unconscious nob of his umbrella in a way to awaken it from the dead :—and yet all the time he was affecting the uninterested incurious man ! The cloth was half in his mind !—He would fain still be a clergyman ; but he had “no spur to prick the sides of his intent !”

Another person,—very small,—very dapper,—powdered, like a gentleman of the old school,—with glossy grey silk stockings, high ankled shoes, and buckles,—perked up against the pit,—affecting nothing,—caring for no one,—but living, revelling in the ancient sport. He bowed smartly around him, looked about with a couple of nimble bird-like eyes,—crowned one or two offered bets—and sent the white tip of his extremely thin pig-tail from shoulder to shoulder, with an alacrity that showed that he was “a hearty old cock” still ; and had neither of his little silken legs in the grave !

The lame old gentleman was seated close to the mat, and sat pillowed in fatness on a truss of straw, which one of the feeders had procured for him, to make his position less painful. He closed a bet quietly, with the end of his crutch touching the ferule of the umbrella of a tall, gaunt, white-faced man in bright blue (a tailor as I learned) ; and thus forcibly reminded me of the conjunction of the two-horse-whip butts, in Hogarth’s admirable picture of the Cockpit in *his* day :—except that this extended crutch gave to me a more poignant moral—a more sorrowful and acute truth !

In one part of the place I saw shabby old men, apparently wanting a meal, yet showing by their presence that they had mustered 5s for an hour’s sport here. In another spot I beheld blunt, sly, coarse Yorkshiremen, with brownish-red cheeks, short uneven features, thick bristly whiskers, and cold moist bleak-blue eyes—looking as though they were constantly out upon prey. I saw one gentlemanly, quiet, unaffected man of middle age, genteelly dressed, and begged to know who he could be in such a place—and I found that he was the celebrated Mr.——, who killed—— in a duel. In short, there was no uninteresting personage present, and I was almost driven into

myself to ascertain *my own* peculiarities,—to know what strange creature of whim, vice, and caprice inhabited Edward Herbert, since he was rooted in this garden of very singular human weeds !

I was continuing my enquiries into the characters around me, when a young man, of very slang, slight, but extremely prepossessing appearance, passed me, dressed in tight kerseymeres, with a handkerchief round his knee, neat white cotton stockings,—small shoes,—a blue check waiter-looking jacket, short about the waist,—and a gay kerchief knowingly tied on his neck. He was really a clean handsome-faced young fellow,—with thin but acute and regular features,—small light whiskers,—and with his hair closely cut, and neatly and cutely combed down upon his forehead. He had scarcely passed me before I felt something rustle and chuckle by my elbow ; and turning round, saw a stout plump old ostler-looking man carry a white bag past me, which by the struggle and vehement motion inside, I guessed to be one of the brave birds for the battle. The two men stepped upon the mat,—and the hubbub was huge and instantaneous.—“Two to one on Nash !”—“A guinea on Nash !”—“Nash a crown !”—only sounds like these were heard (for the bets are laid on the setters-to),—till the noise aroused a low muscular-brooding chuckle in the bag, which seemed to show that the inmate was rousing into anger even at the voice of man !

From the opposite door, a similar procession entered. The setter-to (Fleming by name) was dressed much in the same manner, but he appeared less attractive than young Nash (the name of the young man I have just mentioned). He certainly was not so smart a fellow,—but there was an honesty and a neatness in his manner and look, which pleased me much. The chuckle of the cock in the one bag was answered deeply and savagely from the other—and the straw seemed spurned in the narrow cell, as though the spirit that struck it would not be contained.

Nash’s bag was carefully untied, and

Nash himself took out one of the handsomest birds I think I ever beheld. I must have leave to try *my* hand at a description of a game cock!

He was a red and black bird—slim,—masculine,—trimmed—yet with feathers glossy, as though the sun shone only upon his nervous wings. His neck arose out of the bag, snakelike,—terrible,—as if it would stretch upward to the ceiling—his body followed compact—strong and beautiful—and his long dark-blue sinewy legs came forth,—clean,—handsome,—shapely,—determined,—iron-like! The silver spur was on each heel, of an inch and a half in length—tied on in the most delicate and neat manner. His large vigorous beak showed aquiline,—eagle-like; and his black dilating eyes took in all around him, and shone so intensely brilliant, that they looked like jewels. Their light was that of thoughtful, sedate, and savage courage! His comb was cut close—his neck trimmed—his wings clipped, pointed, and strong. The feathers on his back were of the very glossiest red, and appeared to be the only ones which were left untouched—for the tail was docked triangular-wise like a hunter's. The gallant bird clucked defiance—and looked as if he “had in him something dangerous!” Nash gave him to Fleming, who held him up above his head,—examined his beak—his wings—his legs—while a person read to him a description of the bird from paper—and upon finding all correct, he delivered the rich feathered warrior back to Nash, and proceeded to produce his own bird for a similar examination.

But I must speak of the senior Nash, the old man,—the feeder. When again may I have an opportunity of describing him? and what ought a paper upon “cocking” to be accounted worth,—if it fail to contain some sketch, however slight, of old Nash? He wore a smock-frock, and was clumsily though potently built; his shoulders being ample, and of a rotundity resembling a woolpack. His legs were not equal to his bulk. He was unconvivial almost to a fault—and never made any the slightest remark that did not appertain to cocks and cocking.

His narrow, damp, colourless eye, twinkled a cold satisfaction when a bird of promise made good work on the mat; and sometimes, though seldom, he was elevated into the proffer of a moderate bet—but generally he leaned over the rails of a small gallery, running parallel with his coop, and, stooping attentively toward the pit, watched the progress of the battle. I made a remark to Tom and Mr. D——— that I thought him extremely like a cock.—Tom was intent upon Flemming, and could not hear me; but Mr. D. was delighted at the observation, which seemed to him to be one of some aptitude. Old Nash's beaked nose drawn close over his mouth,—his red forehead and gills,—his round body,—and blue thin legs;—and his silver-grey, scanty, feathery hair, lying like a plumage over his head—all proved him cocklike! This man, thought I, has been cooped up in pens, or penned up in coops, until he has become shaped, coloured, mannered like the bird he has been feeding. I should scarcely have been surprised, if Mr. D——— had told me that old Nash crowed when the light first dawned over the ancient houses of Tufon-street, in a summer morning! I warrant me, he pecked bread and milk to some tune; and perchance slept upon a perch!

But Flemming lifted his bird from the bag, and my whole mind was directed his way. This was a yellow bodied, black winged, handsome cock, seemingly rather slight, but elastic and muscular. He was restless at the sight of his antagonist, but quite silent—and old Nash examined him most carefully by the paper, delivering him up to Flemming upon finding him answer to his description. The setters-to then smoothed their birds, bandied them—wetted their fingers, and moistened their bandaged ankles where the spurs were fastened—held them up opposite to each other—and thus pampered them for the combat.

The mat was cleared of all persons except Flemming and young Nash. The betting went on vociferously. The setters-to taunted their birds with each other's presence—allowed them to strike at each other at a distance—put

them on the mat facing each other—encouraged and fed their crowning and mantling until they were nearly dangerous to hold—and then loosed them against each other, for the fatal flight.

The first terrific dart into attitude was indeed strikingly grand and beautiful—and the wary sparring, watching, dodging, for the first cut, was extremely curious. They were beak-point to beak-point,—until they dashed up in one tremendous flit—mingling their powerful rustling wings and nervous heels in one confused mass.—The leap,—the fire,—the passion of strength—the *sertaminis gaudia*,—were fierce and loud!—The parting was another kind of thing every way. I can compare the sound of the first flight to nothing less than that of a wet umbrella forced suddenly open. The separation was death-like. The yellow or rather the *ginger* bird staggered out of the close—drooping—dismantled—bleeding!—He was *struck*! Flemming and Nash severally took their birds, examined them for a moment, and then set them again opposite to each other. The handling of the cocks was as delicate as if they had been made of foam, froth, or any other most perishable matter. Flemming's bird staggered towards his opponent, but he was hit dreadfully—and ran like a drunken man, tottering on his breast,—sinking back on his tail!—while Nash's, full of fire and irritated courage, gave the finishing stroke that clove every particle of life in twain. The brave bird,—thus killed,—dropped at once from the "gallant bearing and proud mien," to the relaxed, draggled, motionless object that lay in bleeding ruin on the mat. My heart sickened within me! Can this be sport? thought I!—Is satisfaction to be reaped from this pampered and profligate butchery? I sighed and looked thoughtful—when the tumult of the betters startled me into a consciousness of the scene at which I was present, and made me feel how poorly timed was thought amid the characters around me.

The victor cock was carried by me in all his pride—slightly scarred,—but evidently made doubly fierce and muscular by the short encounter he had been engaged in. He seemed to

have grown to double the size! His eyes were larger.

The paying backward and forward of money won and lost occupied the time until the two Nashes again descended with a new victim;—and then the usual noise—betting—clucking—and murder followed. I will not shock you with any further recital of battles, which varied in cruelty and duration, but invariably terminated in death to one side. Sometimes the first blow was fatal—at another time the contest was long and doubtful—and the cocks showed all the obstinate courage, weariness, distress, and breathlessness, which mark the struggles of experienced pugilists. I saw the beak open, the tongue palpitate—the wing drag on the mat. I noticed the legs tremble, and the body topple over upon the breast,—the eye grow dim,—and even a perspiration break out upon the feathers on the back. When a battle lasted long, and the cocks lay helpless near or upon each other,—one of the feeders counted ten,—and then the birds were separated and set-to at the chalk. If the beaten bird does not fight while forty is counted, and the other pecks or shows sign of battle, the former is declared conquered.

Such is cockfighting. I began like the bird, in bravery and spirit, but I have drooped in the contest, and find myself struck down and helpless at the last. In vain would I try to sustain its character, to hold it up as an ancient and noble sport; my pen refuses the office,—its feather drags, and my very gorge rises at the cold-blooded cruelty of its abettors and lovers. To see the rich and beautiful bird towering in his strength, mantling in his comeliness,—and in a moment to see him *bodkined*, and gnawed to death, in the presence of those who have pampered him up to an obstinate heroism and a stubborn savageness,—is more than heart can bear!—I saw the cocks go by me one minute, all life, and power, and beauty—I saw them pass the next—languid,—discoloured,—bleeding from the beak,—dead. The Gladiator scenes of Rome seemed to be wretchedly mocked here—and when all was over, what remained in the mind, but the dregs of brutality and vice?

Tom vowed I looked pale:—it might be that I did. I grieved really to see *him* gratified. Mr. D—— discerned my feeling,—owned that “the sport was cruel,—perhaps too much!”—This was something—indeed, a great morality in a regular cock-fighter. To relieve me, he proposed showing me the coops; and I instantly accepted his proposal, and followed him up the stairs.

I entered the place with unpleasant feelings. A covering was hung before each pen; so that I *heard*, rather than saw, the cocks. But it was feeding time; and I beheld innumerable rocky beaks and sparkling eyes at work in

the troughs—and the stroke of the beak in taking up the barley was like the knock of a manly knuckle on a table. Old Nash, was mixing bread and milk for his fatal feathered family. But I have done!

I have seen the *sport*! I have described it!—and I shall certainly never again do either the one or the other. You know I am not by any means a squeamish person;—but when I have come to reflect on the fighting and its consequences, all the glory of the contest has faded from me. I will not, however, add to the length of this letter, by indulging in a vain and common fit of moralizing.

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OF ANIMAL FOOD IN GENERAL.

IF brute beasts could make definitions, they would undoubtedly describe man as the most voracious animal on the face of the globe. What is there, in fact, throughout all nature, that can escape his jaws and that he has not tasted? Most of the other animals are satisfied with one sort, or at any rate with a very few kinds of food. Now the vegetable kingdom alone furnishes us with innumerable species of aliments, and there is nothing to compel us to seek our subsistence beyond its limits, if we were not so extravagant and insatiable. The ancient Gymnosophists and the modern Brahmins of Hindoostan furnish sufficient evidence, that man can live on vegetables alone: for, as these Indian philosophers believe in the transmigration of souls, they take the utmost care not only to kill, but even to avoid injuring any animal, lest in so doing they may perchance injure one of their own ancestors. Indeed, they carry their kindness to animated creatures to a pitch that must excite a smile, if not surprise. Having founded a hospital for the maintenance of different sorts of animals and insects, they sometimes hire a man to spend the night in the ward appropriated to the fleas. Here he is stripped stark-naked, bound in

such a manner that it is impossible for him to stir, and thus left for the vermin to regale themselves with his blood. As the Brahmins so cautiously abstain from those murders, so many of which are daily committed in Europe by every servant-maid, it is to be presumed that the animals which we eat enjoy with them a secure asylum. These people therefore subsist wholly on fruit and vegetables, but these must have grown above the surface of the earth, because they deem it sinful to eat any thing on which the sun has not shone. The ancient Gymnosophists were, nevertheless, so healthy and attained such longevity, that from disgust of life, they committed themselves to the flames, as Calanus did in the presence of Alexander the Great. From these circumstances I shall not pretend to infer that they were exactly in their sober senses, or that it was their vegetable diet which caused them to live to so advanced an age; but their example affords incontestable evidence that we are not constrained by any necessity to seek our food and the conservation of life out of the vegetable kingdom. We have, however, done so: the lord of the animal creation began to eat his subjects, and many of his descendants, worse than the brute beasts, have devoured one another.

*Neque his lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Unguam, nisi in dispar genus,*

Her.

Man ransacked earth, air, and ocean ; there was not a living thing the taste of which he did not try, and, before he knew what was most agreeable to his palate, he went in this particular much farther than at present. Many ancient nations, and our German ancestors among the rest, ate horse-flesh. All the Tartar and Mongol tribes do the same at this day. Mæcenas and Du Prat brought the flesh of the ass into vogue. The natives of many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, and the South-Sea islanders in particular, eat dogs. Hortensius, the Roman orator, was the first who served up peacocks, at an entertainment which he gave to the soothsayers. Frogs, mice, and rats, are delicacies with civilized nations. The venomous viper itself delights the palate of the Italian with its jelly. The birds'-nests of Tunquin and the intestines of the snipe are exquisite dainties to the great ; and unless history sadly belies him, a voracious king of Lydia, named Cambes, one night cut his wife in pieces and devoured her. During this repast he fell asleep ; for he was found in the morning with her majesty's hand between his teeth, and, his guilt being thus betrayed, he strangled himself—the villain ! I know not whether I ought to give implicit belief to this story, which is related by Athenæus from the *Lydiaca* of Xanthus ; but how can it be absolutely incredible, since there are even at this day whole nations of cannibals ?

It may be asked : What right had men to eat animals ? Was not the vegetable kingdom abundantly sufficient for their sustenance ? Were they not warned by Theopompus of old, that those who consumed much animal food have dull mental faculties, become prone to anger, cruel, silly, and even lose their reason altogether ? Are not his words apparently verified by the experiment which the Prince of Condé made with a man, whom he fed for a time with raw flesh alone ? This man possessed extraordinary bodily strength, but he became wild and like a brute beast. He had such a canine voracity that he could not see an ox without

longing to fall upon it. What sort of people in general are those who eat raw flesh ? Look at the cannibals, or look at the Calmucks who clap their horse-flesh under the saddle, ride away upon it till it is half done, and then devour it. Beaks and talons are not the only characteristics of rapacious animals. Those savage people are a kind of ravenous beasts in human shape. What was Cola Pesee, the wild man, who perished in the whirlpool in the straits of Messina, after he had passed the greater part of his life in the sea, and subsisted entirely on raw fish ? If such creatures can be called men, the human character is no very honourable or enviable distinction.

Would it not then appear as if Nature herself had forbidden us to eat flesh, since the use of animal food is attended with such consequences ? There may be something in this : but since we are all flesh-eaters, and nobody will set the example of relinquishing the practice, it is but fair we should prove that there is no harm in it. There are customs among men which they will not give up, let them be right or wrong : it is the province of the literati to demonstrate that all these customs are extremely proper ; and as nothing is so easy as to convince a person of something of which he wishes to be convinced, these evidences are, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that the human understanding has ever adduced. The eating of animal food has not wanted vindicators. I will briefly explain the grounds on which it is defended.

If we examine the animals which do not eat flesh, we shall find that their stomach is of a very different structure from that of man. The animals that subsist on grain and berries have a thick, muscular stomach, before which there is a large gullet. The organs of digestion of the graminivorous, ruminating animals, have several cavities in which the food is gradually elaborated. The human stomach, on the other hand, is of the same kind as that of the dog, and other carnivorous animals. This is one proof ; only it must not be too strictly scrutinized. The point here is not that it is unimpugnable, but that people would have the complaisance to

admit its validity, in order that we may retain a right to animal food.

There are many more such proofs, and our pleasure gives them validity. It is true we often like what is pernicious to us ; but this objection can only apply to such things as are unpalatable : the others here form an exception. I am aware that the inhabitants of hot countries have a strong desire for animal food, as we see in the Caribs, and that they are for this reason subject to putrid fevers, because their juices are more liable to be affected by the intense heat of the sun, when they are nourished by animal sustenance. But what are tropical regions to us inhabitants of the North ? We, poor creatures, have no nutritious vegetables ; our soil produces nothing good but fine pasturage for brute beasts. All the northern provinces of Europe are in the same predicament. Are we not then obliged, whether we will or not, to have recourse to fish and flesh ? We will not quarrel with the inhabitants of the southern parts of Italy, France, and Spain, for eating little or no flesh excepting that of poultry. We are both perfectly right ; they in not desiring animal food, and we in being fond of it.

The assertion of Theopompus, confirmed by the experiment of the Prince of Condé, may be perfectly true in reference to raw flesh ; but for that very reason, we boil, and roast, and hash, and stew the meat which we intend to eat, that it may be converted into a much milder and more innocent food than it is when raw.* This careful preparation of animal food is a fresh proof that we are authorized to eat it. Raw flesh must unquestionably require a superhuman digestion, as it possesses a peculiar toughness which defies our digestive powers.† The same argument, however, applies to many vegetables ; and probably this is the cause

* " It appears from my experiments, that boiled, and roasted and even putrid meat, is easier of digestion than raw."—*Hunter on the Animal Economy*.

† " Our food must be done either by our cook, or by our stomach, before digestion can take place (see 1st page of Obs. on Siesta) ; surely, no man in his senses would willingly be so wanting in consideration of the comfort, &c. of his stomach, as to give it the needless trouble of cooking and digesting also, and waste its valuable energies in work which a spit or stewpan can do better."—*Art of invigorating and prolonging Life*.

why all voracious animals are so savage, so intractable, so furious when they are hungry, and so dull, cowardly, and spiritless when they have glutted themselves with prey. Shaw informs us that the lion himself, after an abundant meal, loses his courage to such a degree, that a girl may drive him away with a stick and a few sharp words.

The best argument for the use of animal food is to be deduced from the requisites to our health ; and a circumstantial exposition of it may not be unprofitable to the reader.

All sorts of animal food have two peculiar properties by which they differ from those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. One is this, that they abound more in nutritious juices ; and the other, that the animal juices counteract acidity. Hence it is necessary to use animal food in cases where speedy nutrition is required, and where the acidity occasioned by vegetable food wants a corrective. In other words, animal food, like all other alimentary substances, possesses medical properties, and this alone is sufficient to justify its use.

This is a most important truth, to which it were wise to sacrifice the idle question, whether it is right to eat animal food—a question which has led to so many idle discussions, and which has been so often decided over a fine sirloin of roast beef. It is uncertain whether we were destined to eat flesh-meat ; but it is certain that we do eat it. Let us then make ourselves acquainted with the properties of this species of food, that we may know what we have to expect from it, whether we have a right to eat it or not.

I foresee that I shall not be able to finish these inquiries in one paper. On the present occasion, therefore, I shall merely submit to my readers some general observations on the properties of animal food, reserving the liberty of recurring occasionally, in future essays, this important subject.

The juices of animal food have indisputably a nearer affinity with ours than the juices of vegetables ; hence our digestive powers are capable of secreting from them a copious nutriment. On this account it is that animal food,

upon the whole, is more nutritious than vegetable, or rather that it nourishes the body more abundantly and more speedily.* A speedy and copious nutrition is not always beneficial; nay there are persons to whom it would prove extremely injurious. I shall probably take some future occasion of entering more largely into this matter; suffice it then, here to illustrate my opinion by a single example. There are numbers of persons inclined to corpulence, who are unhealthy merely because they possess a superabundance of nutritious juices. The observations of all ages prove that such persons are either liable to be actually afflicted with many diseases, or that they are in a dangerous state, which threatens them with rapid disorders and sudden death. The former is remarked by Plutarch, among many other writers, when he says, that those persons who have not much fat are more healthy than others; and the latter is testified by Hippocrates, who declares, that a person's health is most precarious when it has arrived at its highest degree. Were such persons to be fed on gravy-soups, and with the flesh of young animals and their marrow, like Achilles, their danger would incontestably be augmented, and their already superabundant juices increased. To these we ought, on the contrary,

* "The best tests of the restorative qualities of food are, a small quantity of it satisfying hunger,—the strength of the pulse after it,—and the length of time which elapses before appetite returns again: according to these rules, the editor's own experience gives a decided verdict in favour of roasted or broiled beef or mutton, as most nutritive; then game and poultry, of which the meat is brown; next veal and lamb, and poultry, of which the meat is white; the fat kinds of fish, eels, salmon, herrings, &c.; and least nutritive, the white kinds of fish, such as whiting, cod, soles, haddocks, &c. The celebrated trainer Sir Thomas Parkyns, &c. 'greatly preferred beef-eaters to sheep-biters, as they called those who ate mutton.' By Dr. Stark's very curious experiments on Diet, p. 110, it appears, that 'when he fed upon roasted goose, he was much more vigorous both in body and mind, than with any other food.'—That fish is less nutritive than flesh, the speedy return of hunger after a dinner of fish is sufficient proof:—when a trainer at Newmarket † wishes to waste a jockey, he is not allowed pudding, if fish can be had. Crabs, lobsters, prawns, &c. unless thoroughly boiled (which those sold ready boiled seldom are), are tremendously indigestible. Shell fish have long held a high rank in the catalogue of easily digestible and speedily restorative foods: of these, oysters certainly deserve the best character; but we think that they as well as eggs, gelatinous substances, rich broths, &c. have acquired not a little more reputation from these qualities than they deserve."—*Art of Invigorating Life*, p. 29.

† "Newmarket affords abundant proofs, how much may be done by training; jockeys sometimes reduce themselves a stone and a half in a week."—*Wadd on Corpulency*, 8vo. 1816. p. 35.

to recommend vegetable aliments, which nourish more slowly and in a less degree; and if they would hold life by a more secure tenure, they must abstain from all those sorts of food which, from a confusion of ideas, are commonly considered as the most nutritious and the most salutary. They must take for their models the temperate philosophers of antiquity, who could sacrifice without regret their palate to their health. Agesilaus once received a present consisting of extraordinary luxuries for eating and drinking; but he kept no part of them for himself excepting a little flour, and merely tasted the rest. Ly-sander was still more abstemious, when a dish of the greatest delicacies was presented to him, "Give it to the Helots," (the slaves in Sparta), said he, choosing rather to adhere to his usual simple fare.

Besides their nutritive property, animal aliments have another grand quality, which essentially distinguishes them from the vegetable, and this is, their disposition to putrefaction. When vegetables decay, they generate in acid: but when flesh decays, there is no fermentation, but a putrefactive process, by which volatile salts, corresponding in pungency with alkalies, are produced.

It is proper to observe, that chemists give the generic name of *salts* to all those bodies which are soluble in water, and which, when dissolved, communicate a taste. From the taste it was first discovered that there is a great difference between the salts. Some have an acid taste; and all salts belonging to this class may be detected by other tests, and, among the rest, by giving a red colour to syrup of violets, when they are mixed with it. Other salts have an alkaline taste, and these, when mixed with syrup of violets, turn it not red, but green. When an acid salt is mixed with an alkaline, an effervescence ensues, and a salt of a middle or neutral kind is produced, which imparts neither a red nor a green colour to the syrup of violets. These three species of salts, the acid, the alkaline, and the neutral, constitute the essential parts of all bodies, in so far as they can be tasted; and from them

chiefly we must judge of the effect of all sorts of food in the human body.

I have observed that the alimentary substances belonging to the vegetable kingdom produce more acid ; whereas the animal yield in putrefaction a volatile alkali. As then, acids excite appetite, quench thirst, allay the heat of blood, prevent its too great fluidity by their astringency, and resist putrefaction ; and as the alkalies have a contrary effect ; it must be obvious that it cannot be matter of indifference to all persons, under all circumstances, whether they live upon a vegetable or an animal diet. Persons whose juices are already in a putrid state, or have a tendency to putridity, for instance, scorbutic persons, or patients attacked with putrid fevers, would destroy themselves by taking strong stoups or other sorts of animal food ; whereas acids from the vegetable kingdom would be much better adapted to their cases. Those, on the other hand, would be equally imprudent, who, when their stomachs were charged with acid, should eat fruit, or use vinegar ; for, to them, soups and animal food would be much more beneficial. These considerations lay the first ground-work for medicinal cookery.

Whoever knows what kinds of food are beneficial for persons who are disposed either to acidity or to putrefaction of the juices, will soon learn to cook for such as are in health. Neither acid nor alkali ought to predominate in our juices : consequently all the dishes of each meal, and the daily series of all the meals, ought to be governed by a reference to this principle. We ought not to make a meal entirely either on fruits which have a manifest acidity, or on animal substances which tend to putrefaction ; at least we should not continue this diet for several successive days, or repeat it too often. I have already observed, that from the mixture of acid and alkaline aliments a neutral salt is produced. This salt possesses powerful medicinal properties. It dissolves the slimy humour in the stomach and intestines, and renders it fluid. As this slime prevents appetite, it is obvious that the neutral salts must tend to excite it. They, moreover, gently stimulate the fibres of the stomach and

intestines, and promote their motion. Not only are the digestive powers hereby increased, but the natural evacuations are facilitated. They moreover keep the nutritive juices in a fluid state, and dissolve the viscous humours, which might otherwise obstruct the channels that are intended to conduct those juices into the blood ; in short, they are one of the finest medicines for persons who make a profession of eating. Accordingly, nothing is more advisable than to make such a choice of dishes, and such an arrangement of meals, that one shall serve to correct the other, and that the result of their mixture in the stomach shall be a compound operating in the manner of a neutral salt. The whole secret consists in a due intermixture of vegetable and animal food, and of their condiments. When one dish is liable to produce acidity, either the article that is eaten along with it, the seasoning, or the following dish, should be alkaline ; and *vice versa*. Hence vegetables which tend to increase acidity should not be eaten without the addition of animal food, which yields an alkali ; that from the mixture of the two, the contents of the stomach may partake of the nature of a neutral salt. Persons disposed to fever and effervescence of blood, should take more acid than alkaline food ; because the heat, as it seems is occasioned by an alkali which already predominates in their juices. Others, on the contrary, should never take acids without an alkaline admixture, for the purposes of generating in the stomach, by means of this admixture, a digestive neutral salt, to balance the effects of the other two, and to promote the due mixture of the juices. Flesh-meat, and soups made with it, fowls and fish, are all things which counteract acidity, but encourage the putrefaction of the juices. Fruit in its natural state, or preserved, salad, vinegar, lemon, milk, wine, are remedies against putrefaction, but promote acidity. Let the one be taken with the other, and neither acidity nor putrefaction will be encouraged ; the healthy juices will continue in that state, and the stomach will digest easily and quickly. The cook of every great man ought to be ac-

quainted with the constitution of his master, for great men in general take care not to know too much themselves. It is mostly required of the cook, or the physician, that he draw up the bill of fare, and set nothing but wholesome dishes on the table. But how can this be done, unless the cook be at the same time a physician, or the physician a cook?*

It must be obvious that the science of medical cookery, though founded on such plain principles, requires no small degree of intelligence and circumspection. For a person in good health, its aim should be to set before him such aliments as are adapted to the powers of his digestive organs; and these depend on his way of life, habits, and passions. Care should be taken, at the same time, to proportion them in such a manner as that they shall not threaten him either with acidity or putrefaction; and therefore all his dishes, sauces, drinks and repasts in general, should be ranged on his table like two armies; the acidity of one of which should destroy the alkaline tendency of the other, as soon as they meet in the field of battle, which is the stomach. In catering for an invalid, due attention should be paid, not only to the disordered state of his stomach or his juices, but also to the season, the weather, and twenty other circumstances, which decide for or against the use of various species of food. As a damp, warm air, predisposes our juices to putrefaction, we ought, at such a time, either to abstain from animal food altogether, or to associate with it such a proportion of subsances of an acid nature as to give the latter preponderance in the nutritive juices. In severe cold, we should scarcely be content with acid matters, which cool the blood—such weather requires animal food. Much depends also on the

kind of life we lead, and whether a person is obliged to work hard or not. In the first case, broths or soups would be very unsuitable, because light and liquid food passes off too quickly with strong exercise in the cold air, and leaves the craving stomach without stay. Brown bread, fat pork, and pudding, are dishes fit for labouring people in winter; but for those who follow sedentary occupations, soups, broths, the flesh of young animals, and tender food, are better adapted.

I introduce these examples merely to show what extensive knowledge one ought to possess to be minutely particular in regard to food and precaution: for as to acid food, I have already stated that the Gymnosophists, and many thousand others, have grown old upon an exclusively vegetable diet; and the same thing may be asserted of those aliments which dispose our juices to putrefaction. To say nothing of many beasts of prey, which live chiefly on putrid flesh, and yet attain a surprising age, I recollect having read, in the narrative of some traveller, that a number of people in America, being compelled by necessity to subsist entirely on putrid beef which had been long exposed to the air, and on the soup made from it without salt, this wretched fare was at first extremely disgusting to them; but after they had become accustomed to it, they would each eat a large quantity a day, and grow fat upon this diet. I would not recommend the imitation of such examples; but they may serve to dispel the fears of those who imagine that it is impossible to live without implicitly complying with the directions of the physicians in regard to diet—directions which they themselves take good care not to follow. This extreme solicitude is as ridiculous as the curiosity of the inquisitive man in Athenæus, who would not touch a dish till he was informed how long it had borne the name by which it was called.

* Has not this beneficial union been exemplified in Dr. Kitchener, whose talents for gastronomical pursuits are only equalled by his acquirements in medical science!—See his very useful and ingenious work, "The Cook's Oracle;" 4th edit. 1822.

THE OLD SEAMAN, A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

(London Mag. Dec.)

I LIKE a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket ;—frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing :—but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name ; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of our "Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it,—he would rather win rolls of pigtail ; and as for palms—"Palman qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim : but he is a Dryad up to the knees ; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him ?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded,—but not watered,—for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top : you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines,—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin : and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket ! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind : one window, as he said, was as dark as night ;—but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him : one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg.—Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher : he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not of *seams*!"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury—"a pitch piece of reason calckt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests." He has encountered shrieking hurricanes, billows, like mountains with the white sheep atop—and rocks, like the door-posts of death : He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep ! Wind, wave, rock,—showers of shot,—bayonet and cutlass,—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill.—What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory ! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon,—his old adversaries,—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured ? We "love him for the dangers he has passed ;" as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n—

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him : but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius—or Ætna—as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you ; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has a great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the sea's bottom, with the best bower anchor ;—and he has seen the Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you : he has a

flying fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cockroaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies ;—but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion ; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased at the gift ; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and, above all, his residence amongst the savages ; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d——d good ones too ! On this matter he is frequent ; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid him by the great king, Eea Tooa, and the pearly smiles of the black Princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent :—HIS SHIP ! There he luxuriates : there he talks poetry ! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare poles, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—skyscrapers, and royals, and stud-sails, is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs ;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life.

And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate ; but “one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle.” Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea ; for he was born on board the ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid ; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the *Agamemnon* : at fourteen he was taken in the *Vengeur* ; and at thirty he was blown up in the *Spitfire*. What a sea-fortune ! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised

him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot ; but, binding it up, he persisted upon remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey ; but he will not confess to age : “it is through going to the North Pole,” he says, “for there the hares turn white in winter.” Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at Greenwich—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country ; he preferred it. It was at a farmhouse in Berkshire that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they will do at a beggar ; the people of the house said “There comes old Bill !” and in came this Auncient Marinere, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow-chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye ; but the other was blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, “and warranted to keep in any climate,” but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers ; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance ; and he thought it hard he could not have them. “Have you no parish ?” asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. “Parish !—aye to be sure I have,” said the old tar, “every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking up where he pleases.” “But they will relieve you.” —“Aye, aye, I know that,” said the sailor, shaking his head ; “they offered

me as good as eight shillings a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better.” “But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel”—“Soup and gruel,” said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths; “soup and gruel!

—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon-victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in.”
T.

(Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag. Nov.)

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

From the Novels of Lasca.

[LICENTIOUS as were the Italian novelists of the school of Bocaccio, it is, at the same time, not to be denied, that they had attained the highest perfection in the agreeable art of story-telling, which they professed. Nor is it to be rashly concluded, because a large proportion of their writings is justly exceptionable, that they do not afford abundant matter suited to the entertainment of a much more refined class of readers than that to which they were in general addressed, or that a judicious selection might not be formed from the compositions even of the least scrupulous among them, which would not only exhibit their talent to great advantage, but afford a very familiar and entertaining insight into the domestic character and habits of a nation, which so many circumstances combine to render the most interesting under the sun. Of these narratives, so indiscriminately censured, many are of a serious, and many also of a tragical stamp; nor ought it to be forgotten, that they furnished most of our own early dramatists, and (among them) Shakespeare himself, with the subjects of their most popular and most affecting performances. This is alone a sufficient reason for always preserving to them a high rank in the favour of the English nation; but it is not to this class of subjects that I am now disposed to call your attention. There are many which belong neither to the tragical nor romantic character, nor being liable to just reprehension on the ground of indecency or profaneness, possess the merit of exhibiting in perfection the peculiar characteristics of Italian humour, and, above all, of that species of practical wit, which, transfused into other countries under the names of Hoax and Mystification, has nevertheless, no where flourished in such full luxuriance as in this, which I believe may safely be denominated its native soil; and, to the credit of the Italian hoax, (in this respect eminently distinguishable from that which is fashionable in the “Land of Cockaigne,” whether London or Paris,) is, that it very rarely, if ever, appears to be practised to the prejudice of modest worth, or female delicacy, but to be reserved as the merited reward of impudence or knavery. I shall endeavour to divert your readers with a few specimens of this description; and it will be obvious, that, although bearing the general title of “Novel,” now confined to fabulous narrative, the incidents recorded are told as of persons actually existing, and bear the stamp of real occurrences.

The first I send you shall be from the novels of Anton Francesco Grazzini, commonly called “*Il Lasca*,” a Florentine writer, who flourished during the greater part of the 16th century; and who, besides his novels, was the author of several burlesque poems, and other works of acknowledged celebrity.

The ensuing Novel does not require any explanation, nor suggest any remark, except that the treatment of Master Neri, may possibly call to mind the chastisement of Malvolio in “*Twelfth Night*.”

That the mortification experienced by the unhappy sufferer on this occasion should have produced effects so deep and lasting, may perhaps be regarded as somewhat extravagant; but the sensibility of the Italian character to the wounds of ridicule, appears to have been acute to a degree quite unimaginable by persons of our dull northern temperature; and the intensity of pain occasioned by the infliction, doubtless, added proportionably to the keenness of relish experienced in the perpetration.]

“How Master Scheggia, with the aid of Monaco and Pilucca, played such a trick upon Neri Chiaramontessi, as to drive him to despair, so that he went away from Florence, and never returned till he was an old man.

IN the days of Scheggia, Monaco, masters in the art of hoaxing), there and Pilucco (who were choice friends was one Neri Chiaramontessi, a man of and boon companions, and all three good birth and easy circumstances, but

cunning and crafty withal as any of our city in his time ; nor was there any who took greater delight in playing off his wit upon other persons. This worthy gentleman frequently found himself in company with the three before mentioned, at the table of my Lord Mario Tornaquinci, a knight of the Golden Spur, of great wealth and worship ; and upon these occasions he had not scrupled to perform divers feats at the expense of his companions, for which they did not dare attempt to take any revenge, although much to their displeasure—above all, to that of Master Scheggia, who murmured greatly at being made the butt of so many shafts of ridicule. Once upon a time it so happened, that as they were all chirping together round a good fire at the house of this worshipful cavalier, (it being then in the depth of winter), discoursing with one another about this thing and that, says Neri to Scheggia, “Here’s a crown of gold for you, if you will go directly to the house of La Pellegrina, (who was a famous courtesan in those days, and had come from Bologna,) habited as you are now, but having first besmeared your face and hands with ink, and present to her this pair of gloves, without uttering a syllable.”—“And here’s a brace of crowns for you,” said Scheggia, “if you will sally forth, armed cap-a-pie in white armour, with a lance on your shoulder, to Ceccherino the mercer’s shop”—(which was at that time a noted place of rendezvous for all the rich young gallants of Florence.)—“In the name of grace,” replied Neri, laughing, “hand me up the two crowns.”—“Content!” answered Scheggia ; “but hear me—I require, moreover, that whatsoever persons are present, you pretend to fall into a furious passion with them, and threaten that you will make minced meat of them all.”—“Trust me for that,” replied Neri, “only let me see the money.” Whereupon Scheggia forthwith drew out of his purse two crowns, fresh from the mint, and putting them into the hands of their host, “There they are,” says he, “in pawn, ready to be made over to you, as soon as you have accomplished the undertaking.”

Neri, full of glee, thinking full surely that the two crowns were his own already, (and which he valued more highly than any ten he possessed, thinking what a good jest he should have at the expense of one who had parted with them so lightly), began forthwith to harness on his armour—of which there were suits enough in the good knight’s mansion to fit out a hundred troopers, he being a great friend of the elder Lorenzo de Medici, who at this time was at the head of affairs in Florence ; and, while he was so employed, Scheggia, taking Monaco and Pilucca aside, told them what he would have them do, and sent them about their business. At length, Master Neri having laced his helmet, took his lance on his shoulders, and sallied forth in the direction of Ceccherino’s shop : but he was forced to move slowly, both by reason of the weight of his armour, and of the greaves being somewhat too long, by which he was very much encumbered in lifting his feet from the ground.

Meanwhile, Monaco and Pilucca had gone upon their respective missions—the one to the shop of the haberdasher, the other to Grechetto’s fencing-school, (which was then held in the tower hard by the old market-place)—and both affirmed to the by-standers that Neri Chiaramontessi had gone out of his senses, and attempted to kill his own mother, and thrown all his household goods into a well—and that he had at last armed himself cap-a-pie in one of my Lord Tornaquinci’s suits, and, with his lance in rest, was driving all the people helter-skelter before him. To which Pilucca (who was at the fencing school) added how he had heard him swear a terrible oath that he would go to Ceccherino’s shop, to give him a drubbing—upon which the greater part of the young men who were present ran out of school to see the fun, with so much the greater delight, as that same haberdasher was an object of general dislike, on account of his ignorance and presumption, and having the most cursed and slanderous tongue in all Florence—notwithstanding which, his shop was the resort of noble and honourable gallants, to whom Monaco was at the same time busy in relating

various other particulars of the extravagance and madness of Neri.

Meanwhile, Neri himself having left the knight's house, (which was near to St. Marie Novella,) made his progress to Ceccherino's shop, not without much wonder and laughter of all beholders ; and on his arrival at the door gave a thundering rap, and bursting it open, entered with furious gestures, in complete armour as he was, exclaiming with a loud voice, "Aha ! traitors—Aha ! ye are all dead men"—and forthwith put his lance in rest. They who were present, alarmed by what they had just heard, no less than by what they themselves saw and witnessed, were soon seized with a perfect panic, and fled away in all directions—some to the counting-house, some behind the counter, or under chairs and tables—some shouting, some threatening, some praying—in short, the uproar was quite prodigious.

Scheggia, who had followed close at his heels, all the way, no sooner saw him entered, than he ran off full speed towards Portarossa, where dwelt his uncle, Agnolo Chiaramontessi, (an old man, one of the woolen trade, and a citizen of fair credit and reputation,) and told him, quite of breath, that he must make all haste to the shop of Ceccherino the mercer, where he would find his nephew, who was raving mad, and with lance in hand laying about him, so that it was to be feared great mischief might ensue. Whereupon Agnolo (who, having no children of his own, entertained great affection for his nephew) exclaimed, "Alas ! alas ! what is this you tell me !"—"Only the exact truth," replied Scheggia ; and added, "Come, come away quickly ; and bring with you some four or five of your workmen, to seize and bind him, and convey him, bound, to your house ; and then when you have kept him three or four days in the dark, without any body to speak to, it may be hoped he will be brought back to his senses."

Having no reason to disbelieve a statement made with so much apparent sincerity, the old gentleman immediately rose, and calling half-a-dozen of his woolcombers and carders together, all stout young men, and telling them

to provide ropes, they all went to Ceccherino's, where they found every thing in the terror and confusion already described, and Neri himself crowing with triumph at the effects of his prowess, and still laying about him with his lance in every direction where he thought he could add to their consternation, without doing any actual mischief. His uncle having observed for a while his mad actions, crept slowly towards him from behind, and suddenly laying firm hold on the instrument of fancied destruction, cried in a loud voice, "Stand firm there !—What, in God's name, are you doing, nephew ?"—Then turning to his followers, "Make haste," he said, "disarm him—throw him on the ground, and bind him as fast as possible." These directions were no sooner given than followed ; and before he had time to recover from his amazement, they had him stretched on the ground, some holding him by the arms, others by the legs, and in spite of his exclamations of "What are you about ?—unhand me, villains—I am not mad—unhand me !" soon finished their work, binding him hand and foot, in such a manner that he was unable to move a limb, and then laid him on a litter which they had brought with them for the purpose, and tied him down, so that he could not roll off, or slip away from them while they were carrying him. Meanwhile, Scheggia, hearing him howl and roar and blaspheme at this violent treatment, could not contain himself for joy, but was ready to leap out of his skin ; and the poor terrified gentry who had fled from his fury, crept out of their hiding-places, and by their slow and timid advances towards the late object of their terrors, now in durance vile, shewed how vehement had been the alarm he occasioned them.

Imagine, then, if Neri, proud as he was by nature, and fierce in his temper, did not burn inwardly, and if he did not cry out, and threaten, and swear, and curse without ceasing, while his uncle calmly ordered his men to take the litter on their shoulders, and throwing a cloak over him, to convey their load back to his own house, where Monaco had already been before them to

prepare his mother for their reception ; and when the good old lady, accordingly, met them in tears at the door, and having with the uncle's assistance, laid him on a bed in the best chamber, left him there, bound as he was, with intent not to speak a word to him, nor give him any thing till the morning, and then to call in physicians, and conduct themselves by their advice as might appear to be needful. And in so doing, they were guided in like manner by the directions of Scheggia.

Meanwhile, the rumour of this affair was noised throughout Florence, and Scheggia, with his companions, rejoicing, went to find their good host, the Cavalier Tornaquinci, to whom they related all things as they had happened, and from which he received delight and gladness unspeakable ; and, it being already on the stroke of four, they sat down to supper with so much the greater pleasure, as they knew that Master Neri was safely locked up, and could not come to disturb them with his impertinence.

Now when Master Neri found himself alone in the dark, tied to his bed as if he were a maniac, his helmet and greaves only being removed, and all the rest of his armour left upon his back, he lay still a good while thinking over the events that had befallen him, and soon fixed upon Scheggia, as the contriver of the whole plot, by the result of which he had come to be reputed mad, not only by his mother and uncle, but by all Florence ; and this reflection gave him so much pain and displeasure, that if he had that moment been at liberty, he would certainly have done either to himself or others a mischief. So he remained sleepless, and in an agony of rage, till past midnight, when the pains of hunger began to assault him vehemently, whereupon he cried out lustily, with all the voice that he was able to collect, and never ceased from calling, now upon his mother, now upon her maid-servant, to bring him somewhat to eat and drink ; but it was all in vain, for they were determined not to hear a word he uttered.

At last, about the hour of two in the morning, his uncle came to him, accom-

panied by a cousin-german of his, who was brother of a St. Mark's hospital, and by two physicians, the first at Florence in their time ; and having opened his chamber door, they entered, preceded by his mother bearing a light, and found him lying in the same place and posture as they had left him, but so weak and exhausted with his endeavours to make himself heard, and with want of food, that he was become as tame and gentle as a lamb ; at whose approach he lifted up his head, and in the most courteous manner saluted them, and then entreated that they would be content to listen to him while he said a few words, and to attend to his arguments. Whereupon Agado and the others, with like courtesy, answered, that he might say what he pleased, and they would listen with all due attention ; and, thus encouraged, he related to them all that had taken place respecting the wager, affirming that Scheggia was he who had betrayed him, and had caused him to be bound hand and foot for a madman ; adding, that if they wished for better evidence, they might all go the Cavalier Tornaquinci's, where they would find the two crowns still held by him as a deposit.

The uncle and the physicians knowing Scheggia well, were disposed to give credit to all that Neri uttered. However, to be quite certain, some of them went to the cavalier's according as he had desired them, and found not only that every thing was strictly true, but that Scheggia and his companions had wound up the frolic by supping together, and enjoying themselves with the heartiest laughter imaginable. Upon receiving this information, the uncle was covered with shame and confusion for the affront so mistakenly put upon his beloved nephew ; and, returning with all the speed he might, presently relieved Neri from all remaining bondage, and begged his pardon with the greatest remorse and humility. But Neri, wholly unable to recover his spirits or to forget the disgrace he had sustained, caused a good fire to be lighted, and, after taking leave of his medical attendants, and the rest of his uncle's

followers, he sat down to supper, where he made himself all the amends in his power for the privation he had been so undeservedly put to.

By this time the whole matter was noised abroad throughout Florence, not only by means of the authors of the joke, but also by the physicians who had been in attendance, so that it came at length to the ears of "The Magnificent,"* who sent for Scheggia to make himself acquainted with all the particulars; and no sooner was Neri made acquainted with this consummation of his disgrace, than it plunged him into a fit of actual desperation, during which he swore, that he would lay upon them all, but most of them all upon Scheggia, such a mountain of bastinadoes, that they should remember him the longest day of their lives. Reflecting at length, however, that he had been himself the aggressor, he began to fear, that if he

attempted such revenge as his anger prompted, the tables might even yet be turned upon him; and so he prudently determined to adopt a course quite different: to the which end, without apprizing any living person of his intentions except his mother, he forthwith left Florence, and went to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he hired himself as mate to a vessel, of which he afterwards became master; nor did he ever go back to Florence again till he was quite an old man, when all the memory of the transaction had perished.

Meanwhile Scheggia having received the two crowns which had been left in pawn with the cavalier, laid them out in good cheer for himself and his comrades, who partook of it most joyfully,—not the less so, as they were thus quit for ever of the intrusion of their disagreeable visitor.

[The next story of the same description, is not very savoury, and may appear somewhat indelicate to ears of modern refinement. It is, however, not unamusing to be acquainted with what passed for wit even in the most polished circles among our own ancestors, no less than with the good people of Florence; and the narration will bring to the recollection of many a most excellent hoax, of a similar nature, recorded to have been practised by Sheridan and Tickell on the solemn impertinence of a grave citizen of the opposite party with whom it was their fortune to be associated in a hackney-coach in returning from a Brentford election.

It must be allowed that the story is exceedingly picturesque, and would furnish an admirable subject for a companion to Hogarth's "Paul before Felix."]

"Giannetto del Torre, by a witty allusion represses the impertinence of a presuming jackanapes, and delivers himself and others from his company."

TOPERS, gluttons, and tavern-haunters—all those, in short, who think of nothing but how to fill their bellies, and who make it their boast to be connoisseurs in the flavour of wines and choice morsels—are, for the most part, (as you well know) bad livers, and broken fortunes; since, spending all their days in the tavern, they are enough (as the saying is) to melt down the Tarpeian at Rome; and so, being utterly ruined and bankrupt, they find at the year's end that their florin is in pawn for ten livres; or "bring down their nobles to ninepence." Now it often happens, that, bearing this loose kind of life, they so far lose sight of all good manners and decency, as, in the

midst of their eating and drinking, to break wind both upwards and downwards, without respect of persons, in doing which they always excuse themselves by a proverbial saying, "*Alla barba di chi non la debito*—This to the beard of whosoever is not in debt among us;" being well assured that they can thereby offend no person present, whether of their own company, or others who frequent the place of assembly.

With this preface, I proceed to relate how, in this famous city of ours, it happened that certain young gentlemen of noble birth and good fortune, who associated together, were in the habit of supping alternately at each other's houses, more for the sake of meeting

* Lorenzo de Medici.

and discoursing together at their ease, than from the love of filling their carcases with choice wines and costly victuals, although these good things were also abundantly provided; and they were in number so many as to be just able to make out the week between them in rotation; having, moreover, an established rule, that the giver of the entertainment might bring what guests he pleased to add to the party, while the rest were to come alone, and without any other companions. Now it fell out, that one Dionigi, a young cavalier, who happened to be a general acquaintance of all the members of the society, having been once an invited guest, took it upon him to consider himself as free of the company, and attended all their subsequent meetings without any invitation at all; and being of a very vain and assuming character, and wholly ignorant of the rules of good breeding—one who would never suffer any body else to talk when he was present, but was perpetually holding forth with his own frivolous and pompous discourses, nothing would serve his turn, but that he would eternally descant upon the happiness of being out of debt, insisting that there is no pleasure under the sun at all comparable to it, and that (he thanked God) he did not himself owe a single debt to any body in the world; and what was more, never incurred any, nor ever had the wish to incur any. And thus, every time that they met, he took care to deafen them all with a repetition of the same cock-and-bull story of his supreme felicity in being out of debt, so that at last he became more obnoxious to them than a continual headach. Howbeit, seeing he was the son of a very wealthy and powerful citizen, and one of great repute in his time, nobody dared to say a syllable to him openly, though they gave him many oblique hints and rebukes, which would have sufficed for any one less self-sufficient and ignorant; but he went on his own way notwithstanding, and they began to despair of finding any resource by which they might rid themselves of this plague of folly and impertinence.

They were still suffering under the oppression of this intolerable hightman,

when it came to the turn of Giannetto della Torre to furnish the entertainment. This Giannetto was a fellow of infinite jest, and of considerable shrewdness, and he had bethought himself of the means of cure, which he forthwith resolved to put in practice. So having primed one of his companions, and made him promise his assistance, they all met together at the appointed hour, and had not yet sat down to table, before (as was the custom) in came Master Dionigi, without any invitation, with a forehead of such assurance as if he had been lord of the company, and interrupted the conversation with his usual string of impertinence. Giannetto, without making any remark, ordered the water to be handed round to wash the hands of his guests before they began supper; which being done, Dionigi was the first to place himself at the table, in such a position as to deprive the rest of the company of all benefit of fresh air from the garden, the door to which had been left open expressly for the purpose of cooling the temperature of the room, it being then in the greatest heat of summer. Now this Dionigi was a fine figure of a man, and had one of the handsomest, fullest, and best-combed beards of any, not in Florence only, but throughout all Tuscany; jet-black, and of nicely proportioned length. And supper being now some way advanced, (having arrived at the melons,) Dionigi, as soon as he had helped himself to a slice, and taken a full draught of wine, began to enter more at large upon his beatitude of being out of debt, and had got into the very midst of this edifying harangue, when Giannetto, tipping the wink to his accomplice, began to hold his nose with his fingers, which his companion observing, did the like; and (both having taken care to seat themselves one on each side of Dionigi) the first, making a wry face, exclaimed, "What an infernal stench!"—"By Jove!" replied the other, "the most corrupt and abominable I ever encountered. It is worse than all the odours that are congregated together in the charnel-house at the back of the old market-place."

The rest of the company, perceiving

no bad smell, looked at each other in admiration of what this sally might lead to; when Dionigi, falling into a passion at seeing them hold their noses, and glance at him such looks of suspicion, asked fiercely, whether they supposed it was he who occasioned the stink. "Really," answered Giannetto, "if it were not that I am fearful of giving offence, I would, with the leave of this good company, explain what I consider to be the occasion of it." Whereat Dionigi, who being a man for the ladies, and one who passed the whole day in cleansing and adorning and perfuming his sweet person, was quite satisfied in his conscience, eagerly exclaimed, "Say on! say whatever you like! you have full liberty."—"Since it is your pleasure," answered Giannetto, "I will proceed, and declare it to be my firm persuasion, that it is that beard of yours which stinks so damnable."—"What do you mean?" retorted Dionigi; "come, explain yourself."—"Hear me out then," said the other; "Those who are in the habit of frequenting taverns to eat and drink, are, for the most part, persons of most evil manners, very dirty and coarse in their habits, and who care not how often they offend against the rules of society, by openly venting their crepitations and eructations at table in the very faces of their companions, holding it sufficient to excuse themselves for every successive breach of politeness, by saying, 'This is to the beard of the man who is not in debt.' Now seeing that, according to your own frequent confession, you are not only out of debt at present, but never were in debt in the whole course of your life, (in which respect I verily believe that you are the only person now living in Florence, who can say the same;) and seeing, moreover, that you have so handsome a beard, and of such length and thickness, that I doubt whether there is any

in the city which may compare with it, it follows of course, that every one of these explosions of nastiness, which has been uttered for years past, must have lighted upon it, and consequently that there is not a single hair in all that venerable fabric, but has its own peculiar stink, extracted from the most rotten lungs and the foulest stomachs in Florence. And now I hope you will no longer marvel at us for holding our noses; and you would do wisely, both for your own honour and our advantage, if you were no longer to be seen at our suppers, unless indeed you come to them shaven, or (by'r Lady) in debt."

At the conclusion of this harangue, the whole of the company present were seized with such immoderate laughter, that more than one were constrained to rise from the table and unbutton themselves; and more than one laughed till the tears came into their eyes, especially when they beheld the face of poor Dionigi, who stood like an angry bear, unable to utter a word for pure rage and vexation; and seeing all bursting with laughter around him, arose from his chair, (with cheeks puffed out like a basket,) and taking his cloak, without saying a syllable to any one, withdrew from the room before the cloth was removed, or the dessert brought upon the table. And so great and terrible was his anger, that, from that time forward, he would come no more to their parties, nor would speak to any of them when they met him in the street, and least of all to Giannetto. They, for their parts, considered themselves as not at all the worse off for being rid of him; and not only concluded that evening with abundance of mirth and jollity at his expense, but ever after held Giannetto in the highest honour and regard among them, for having, by the readiness of his wit, effected for them so blessed a deliverance.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

LUKE xvi. 16-24. "*A certain man made a great supper.*"—"It was fixed that, at the end of August, the Ameen-ad-Dowlah was to give an en-

tertainment to the ambassador and suite: and on the day appointed, as is usual in Persia, a messenger came to us at about five o'clock in the evening, to

bid us to the feast. I might make use of scriptural language to commence my narration :—*‘A certain man made a great supper, and bade many : and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready.’* The difficulty which infidels have made to the passage of which this is the commencement, arises from the apparent harshness of asking people to an entertainment, and giving them no option, by punishing them in fact for their refusal : whereas all the guests to whom when the supper was ready the servant was sent, had already accepted the invitation, and were therefore already pledged to appear at the feast, at the hour when they might be summoned. They were not taken unprepared, and could not, in consistency or decency, plead any prior engagement.—On alighting at the house, we were conducted into a low room, where we found our host waiting for us, with about a dozen more of his friends. The ambassador was placed in the corner of honour, near the window, and the Ameen-ad-Dowlah next to him on his left hand. The other guests were arranged around the room according to their respective ranks.—When a Persian enters a mejlis or assembly, after having left his shoes without, he makes the usual salutation of *selam aleikum*, (peace be unto you,) which is addressed to the whole assembly, as it were saluting the house, (Matt. x. 12.) and then, measuring with his eye the degree of rank to which he holds himself entitled, he straightway wedges himself into the line of guests, without offering any apology for the general disturbance which he produces. It may be conceived that, among a vain people, the disputes which arise on

matters of precedence are numerous : and it was easy to observe by the countenances of those present, when any one had taken a higher seat than that to which he was entitled. Mollahs, the Persians’ scribes, are remarkable for their arrogance in this respect : and they will bring to mind the caution that our Saviour gave to the Jews against their scribes, whom, among other things, he characterises as loving *‘the uppermost places at feasts.’*—The master of the entertainment has, however, the privilege of placing any one as high in the ranks of the mejlis as he may choose ; and we saw an instance of it on this occasion : for when the assembly was nearly full, the Governor of Kashan, a man of humble mien although of considerable rank, came in, and seated himself in the lowest place, when the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, after having testified his particular attentions to him by numerous expressions of welcome, pointed with his hand to an upper seat in the assembly, to which he desired him to move, and which he accordingly did.—A striking analogy will doubtless be perceived here between the Jews, as described by our Saviour in the Gospel, and those of the Persians ; and we may hence see the peculiar propriety of the directions : *“When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest place ; lest a more honourable man than you be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place, and thou begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest place ; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher.”* MORIER.

OUTLINES FOR A PORTRAIT.

’Tis a dark and flashing eye,
Shadows, too, that tenderly,
With almost female softness, come
O’er its glance of flame and gloom.
His cheek is pale : or toil or care,
Or midnight study has been there,
Making its young colours dull,
Yet leaving it most beautiful.
Suck a lip ! Oh, poured from thence,
Lava floods of eloquence
Come with fiery energy,
Like those words that cannot die ;
Words the Grecian Warrior spoke
When the Persian chain he broke ;

And that low and honey tone,
Making woman’s heart his own,
Such as should be heard at night
In the dim and sweet starlight :
Sounds that haunt a beauty’s sleep,
Treasures for her heart to keep,
Suited for the citron shade,
Or the soft voiced serenade.
Raven curls their shadows throw
O’er a high and haughty brow,
Lighted by a smile, whose spell
Words are powerless to tell,—
Such the image in my heart,—
Painter, try thy glorious art !

L. E. L.

Original Poetry.

(London Mag. Jan.)

THE MANIAC.

1.
To see the human mind o'erturn'd,—
Its loftiest heights in ruin laid ;
And Reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
Obscured, or quench'd in frenzy's shade ;
A sight like this may well awake
Our grief, our fear,—for Nature's sake.

2.
It is a painful, humbling thought—
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind ;
And that the richest boon of Heaven
To man—is rather LENT, than GIVEN.

3.
To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
And bids his subject powers obey ;
Thought, Memory, Will,—all seem his own,
Come at his bidding, list his sway ;—
To-morrow—from dominion hurl'd,
Madness pervades the mental world !

4.
Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
The Maniac's doom,—his lot the worst ;
There is a suffering more severe
Than these sad records have rehears'd :
Tis his—whose virtue struggles still
In hopeless conflict with his will.

5.
There are—before whose mental eye
Truth has her chastest charms display'd ;
But gaudier phantoms, flutt'ring by,
The erring mind have still betray'd ;

Till gathering clouds—in awful night
Have quench'd each beam of heav'nly light.

6.
There are—whose mental ear has heard
The '*still small voice*!' yet, prone to wrong,
Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
The sophist's creed, the syren's song ;—
And staked, upon a desperate throw,
Their hopes above,—their peace below.

7.
There are, in short, whose days present
One constant scene of painful strife ;
Who hourly for themselves invent
Fresh conflicts ;—till this dream of Life
Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
And yet, alas ! they fear to wake.

8.
With their's compared, the Maniac's doom,
Though abject, must be counted blest ;
His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
At times may know a vacant rest :—
Not so while thought and conscience prey
Upon the heart which slights their sway.

9.
O THOU ! whose cause they both espouse,
In mercy bid such conflict cease ;
Strengthen the wakening sinner's vows,
And grant him penitence and peace :—
Or else, in pity, o'er the soul
The dark'ning clouds of madness roll.

BERNARD BARTON.

[The world won't believe that we get the best poetry in the world sent to us for insertion : the following is a proof from an utterly unknown contributor.]

" Dear Sir,—Knowing you are always disposed to give publicity to the first productions of genius, I inclose the following lines. If you think them worthy of insertion in your very respectable journal, it will be the means of stimulating me to further exertion. If you consider them worthless, I beg you will let me know the fate of them in your notice to correspondents."

TO CAROLINE.—A LOVER'S OATH.

I swear by the Bible and all that is sacred :
I swear by the passions, Love, Fear and Hatred :
I swear by my life, and all I hold dear :
I swear by this Earth and every thing here,
That I will ever love thee !

Now you are young, and when you are older :
Now you are modest, and when you are bolder :
Now you're a maid, and when you're my wife :
From this time forth to the end of my life,
I will ever love thee !

Now parents are with you, and were you alone :
In poverty, grandeur, or on a throne :
In sickness, in health, in pain or prosperity :

Though you treated poor me with the utmost severity
Yet, I would ever love thee !

I'll love thee now thou art in thy prime :
I'll love thee when thy life shall decline :
I'll love thee while living, and when thou art dead,
And I strewing flowers around thy cold head,—
Yet still, Oh, then I'll love thee !

And if time ever proves these words to be lies,
May yon croaking raven pluck out my eyes ;
May I be degraded from a man to a beast ;
May these things happen, and these be the least ;
And may you (which is far worse than all)
Be standing just by, and smile at my fall !

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN NICOL, MARINER.

(Literary Gazette.)

THIS anti-biography is of a non-descript class. It is, we believe, a genuine and authentic narrative of the life of a real Robinson Crusoe; that is to say, of a man who had in early life that determination towards the sea, which, like the predilection of a Newfoundland dog for water, nothing can restrain, and who, without settling on a desert island, saw more of the world than is pretended of his imaginary prototype.

"My life, (says the author in his Introduction,) for a period of twenty-five years, was a continued succession of change.—Twice I circumnavigated the globe; three times I was in China; twice in Egypt; and more than once sailed along the whole land-board of America from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn; twice I doubled it—but I will not anticipate the events I am about to narrate.

"Old as I am, my heart is still unchanged; and were I young and stout as I have been, again would I sail upon discovery: but, weak and stiff, I can only send my prayers with the tight ship and her merry hearts."

We would we could add that the heart of our weatherbeaten Tar is itself merry: but, lamentable to say, the old man, after all his buffetings, is now living as he may—without prog in the storeroom, and all his sails aback. Poor soul! sincerely do we hope that this publication will lead to the making of his last days comfortable. Sure we are that if Mr. Lizars has done justice to his portrait in the frontispiece, and the editor to this curious narration, Lord Melville will not be slow in granting a pension to the worn-out seaman who took part in the glorious victories of St. Vincent and the Nile.

John Nicol was born in 1755, near Edinbro'. His father was by trade a cooper, a very useful handicraft for a lad so wholly possessed with the love of the sea. In 1769 he was taken to London, and the voyage seems to have confirmed his disposition; tho' his return to Scotland and apprenticeship to

the business of a cooper retarded its gratification till 1776, when he entered on board a vessel at Leith and sailed to Canada. With this travel his simple story commences, and however unadornedly told, readers will find so much of interest in the difference of pictures between *now* and *forty years* ago, that we think a few quotations from the log-book must please a great majority of tastes.

In Canada, where he remained 18 months, Nicol observes—

"The French eat many kinds of the serpents that abound in the country; whether they are good eating I do not know, as I never could bring myself to taste them: they must be good, as it is not for want of other varieties they are made choice of. I often went of an evening with my master to catch them; we caught them with forked sticks, the Frenchman was very dexterous, and I soon learned. We often caught two dozen in an evening: when we perceived one, we ran the forks of the stick upon its neck, behind the head, and holding it from the ground, beat it upon the head with the other, until we dispatched it. When we came home, the heads were cut off, and the snakes skinned: their skins were very beautiful, and many of the officers got scabbards made of them for their swords."

On leaving this country he embarked in the *Surprise* of 28 guns, Capt. Reeves, and in her took part in the action with the American ship, *Jason*, Capt. Manly. Of this battle he gives a very characteristic account;

"After a short but severe action, we took the *Jason* of Boston, commanded by the famous Captain Manly, who had been commodore in the American service, had been taken prisoner, and broke his parole. When Captain Reeves hailed and ordered him to strike, he returned for answer, "Fire away! I have as many guns as you." He had heavier metal, but fewer men than the *Surprise*. He fought us for a long time, I was serving powder as busy as I could, the shot and splinters flying in

all directions ; when I heard the Irishmen call from one of the guns, (they fought like devils, and the captain was fond of them upon that account,) ‘Hal-loo, Bungs, where are you?’ I looked to their gun, and saw the two horns of my study [anvil] across its mouth ; the next moment it was through the Jason’s side. The rogues thus disposed of my study, which I had been using before the action commenced, and had placed in a secure place, as I thought, out of their reach. “Bungs for ever!” they shouted, when they saw the dreadful hole it made in the Jason’s side. Bungs was the name they always gave the cooper. When Captain Manly came on board the *Surprise*, to deliver his sword to Captain Reeves, the half of the rim of his hat was shot off. Our captain returned his sword to him again, saying, ‘You have had a narrow escape, Manly.’—‘I wish to God it had been my head,’ he replied.

“When we boarded the *Jason*, we found thirty-one cavalry, who had served under General Burgoyne, acting now as marines on board the *Jason*.”

We here find that the seduction of the British combatants into the American service is not a novelty of the late war. But to proceed with “Bungs,” for so the sailors called our cooper,—he tells us that after returning to England—“We again took convoy for St. John’s. In the fleet was a vessel called the *Ark*, commanded by Captain Noah. She was an armed transport. This we called Noah’s Ark. In our voyage out, an American privateer, equal in weight of metal, but having forty-five men, bore down upon her. The gallant Noah, in his Ark, gave battle, we looking on ; and, after a sharp contest, took the American, and brought her alongside, her captain lying dead upon her deck. Captain Reeves, with consent of the crew, gave the prize to Noah, who carried her in triumph to Halifax, and sold her.”

His next trip was to the West Indies, where, sailor-like, he entered into all the fun on shore. Among other recreations, he visited the negro at *Homes*, and on this, as on other occasions, his description not only displays the invincible curiosity of his mind, but also the

kindness of his heart and the naiveté of his manner.

“There was a black upon the estate, who had been on the island of St. Kitt’s when Rodney defeated the French fleet. He had seen the action, and was never tired speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded with this remark, ‘De French ’tand ’tiff, but de English ’tand far ’tiffer. De all de same as game cock, de die on de ’pot.’

“They are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young gave a black butcher, of the name of Coffee, a hog to kill. When the captain went to see it, Coffee said,—‘This very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no light.’—*Captain Young*. ‘That is strange, Coffee ; let me see in the book.’ He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over a few leaves, and looked very earnest. ‘I see Coffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights.’ Coffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said,—‘O Massa, Coffee no go to hell bottom,—hog have liver and lights.’ He restored them, and trembling, awaited his punishment. Captain Young only laughed, and made him a present of them.”

It is not our purpose to follow John Nicol in all his peregrinations ; nor can we expect that our readers would relish more than a rough outline of his voyages, and an amusing extract *here* and *there where* it occurs. In 1795 he sailed on a voyage of discovery round the world in the *King George*, Captain Portlock, in company with the *Queen Charlotte*, Captain Dixon.

They staid long among the Sandwich Islands, and especially at Owhyee, being the first ships there after the murder of Captain Cook.

“The natives (says Nicol) came on board in crowds, and were happy to see us ; they recognized Portlock and others, who had been on the island before, along with Cook. Our decks were soon crowded with hogs, bread-fruit, yams and potatoes. Our deck soon resembled shambles ; our butcher had fourteen assistants. I was as busy and fatigued as I could be cutting iron hoops into lengths of eight and nine

inches, which the carpenter ground sharp. These were our most valuable commodity in the eyes of the natives. I was stationed in the hold of the vessel, and the ladders were removed to prevent the natives from coming down to the treasury. The King of Owyhee looked to my occupation with a wistful eye; he thought me the happiest man on board, to be among such vast heaps of treasure. Captain Portlock called to me to place the ladder, and allow the King to come down, and give him a good long piece. When the King descended he held up his hands, and looked astonishment personified. When I gave him the piece of hoop of twenty inches long, he retired a little from below the hatch into the shade, undid his girdle, and bent the iron to his body, and, adjusting his belt in the greatest haste, concealed it. I suppose he thought I had stole it. I could not but laugh to see the king concealing what he took to be stolen goods.

"We were much in want of oil for lamps. The sharks abounding, we baited a hook with a piece of salt pork, and caught the largest I ever saw in any sea: it was a female, nineteen feet long; it took all hands to hoist her on board; her weight made the vessel heel. When she was cut up we took forty-eight young ones out of her belly, eighteen inches long; we saw them go into her mouth after she was hooked. The hook was fixed to a chain attached to our main brace, or we never should have kept her. It was evening when she snapped the bait; we hauled the head just above the surface, the swell washing over it. We let her remain thus all night, and she was quite dead in the morning. There were in her stomach four hogs, four full grown turtle, besides the young ones. Her liver, the only part we wanted, filled a tierce - - -

"They are the worst people to pronounce the English of any I ever was among. Captain Portlock they called Potipoti. The nearest approach they could make to my name was Nittie; yet they would make the greatest efforts, and look so angry at themselves, and vexed at their vain efforts.

"We had a merry facetious fellow on board, called Dickson. He sung pretty well. He squinted, and the natives mimicked him. Abenoue, King of Atooi, could cock his eye like Dickson better than any of his subjects. Abenoue, called him Billicany, from his often singing Rule Britannia. Abenoue learned the air, and the words as near as he could pronounce them. It was an amusing thing to hear the king and Dickson sing. Abenoue loved him better than any man in the ship, and always embraced him every time they met on shore, or in the ship, and began to sing 'Tule Billicany, Billicany tule,' &c.

"We had the chief on board who killed Captain Cook for more than 3 weeks. He was in bad health, and had a smelling-bottle, with a few drops in it, which he used to smell at; we filled it for him. There were a good many bayonets in possession of the natives, which they had obtained at the murder of Cook."

Our author's next remarkable trip was in the *Lady Julian*, Captain Aitken, a vessel which carried out 245 female convicts to New South Wales. His account of the voyages would throw Mrs. Fry and all the Newgate Committee into fits, and make Mr. Grey Bennet rave, and fill every philanthropical heart with a horrible delight that such things were, and are not.

"There were not (say our authority) a great many very bad characters; the greater number were for petty crimes, and a great proportion for only being disorderly, that is, street walkers; the colony at the time being in great want of women.

"One, a Scottish girl, broke her heart, and died in the river; she was buried at Dartford. Four were pardoned on account of his Majesty's recovery. The poor young Scottish girl I have never yet got out of my mind; she was young and beautiful, even in the convict dress, but pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping. She never spoke to any of the other women or came on deck. She was constantly seen sitting in the same corner from morning to night; even the time of meals roused her not. My heart bled

for her,—she was a countrywoman in misfortune. I offered her consolation, but her hopes and heart had sunk. When I spoke she heeded me not, or only answered with sighs and tears; if I spoke of Scotland she would ring her hands and sob, until I thought her heart would burst. I endeavoured to get her sad story from her lips, but she was silent as the grave to which she hastened. I lent her my Bible to comfort her, but she read it not; she laid it on her lap after kissing it, and only bedewed it with her tears. At length she sunk into the grave, of no disease, but a broken heart. After her death we had only two Scottish women on board, one of them a Shetlander.

“ I went every day to the town to buy fresh provisions and other necessities for them. As their friends were allowed to come on board to see them, they brought money, and numbers had it of their own, particularly a Mrs. Barnsley, a noted sharper and shop-lifter. She herself told me her family for one hundred years back, had been swindlers and highwaymen. She had a brother a highwayman, who often came to see her, as well dressed and genteel in his appearance as any gentleman.—

“ Those from the country came all on board in irons; and I was paid half a crown a head by the country jailors, in many cases, for striking them off upon my anvil, as they were not locked but rivetted. There was a Mrs. Davis a noted swindler, who had obtained great quantities of goods under false names, and other equally base means. We had one Mary Williams, transported for receiving stolen goods. She and other eight had been a long time in Newgate, where Lord George Gordon had supported them. I went once a week to him, and got their allowance from his own hand all the time we lay in the river.—

“ We had on board a girl pretty well behaved, who was called, by her acquaintance, a daughter of Pitt. She herself never contradicted it. She bore a most striking likeness to him in every feature, and could scarce be known from him as to looks. We left her at Port Jackson.

“ Some of our convicts I have heard even to boast of the crimes and murders committed by them and their accomplices; but the far greater number were harmless unfortunate creatures, the victims of the basest seduction.

“ When we were fairly out at sea, every man on board took a wife from among the convicts, they nothing loath. The girl with whom I lived, for I was as bad in this point as the others, was named Sarah Whitelam. She was a native of Lincoln, a girl of modest reserved turn, as kind and true a creature as ever lived. I courted her for a week and upwards, and would have married her upon the spot, had there been a clergyman on board. She had been banished for a mantle she had borrowed from an acquaintance. Her friend prosecuted her for stealing it, and she was transported for seven years. I had fixed my fancy upon her from the moment I knocked the rivet out of her irons upon my anvil, and as firmly resolved to bring her back to England, when her time was out, my lawful wife, as ever I did intend any thing in my life. She bore me a son in our voyage out. What is become of her, whether she is dead or alive, I know not. That I do not, is no fault of mine, as my narrative will show.

“ At length almost to our sorrow, we made the land upon the 3d of June 1799, just one year all but one day from our leaving the river. We landed all our convicts safe.”

Without returning to the Pacific, detailing all the love fancies of Master Nicol, and his disappointments in regard to his fair convicts, his marriage and settlement in his native land, and the natural causes which have plunged him into an old age of distress, we shall now take our leave of his brief but interesting volume.* The battle of Cape

* One of his anecdotes of a pressed man at his examination is worth preserving.

“ A curious scene happened at my entry. There were a few more impressed on the same day, one an old tar. When asked by Captain Rogers, in his examination, how they hauled the main tack aboard? he replied, ‘ I can’t tell, your honour, but I can show.’ He clapped his foot into Captain Rogers’ pocket, at the same instant leaped on his shoulders, tore his coat to the skirts, saying, ‘ Thus we haul it aboard.’ Captain Barefoot, of the Nottingham, and the other captains, laughed heartily, as well as Rogers, who said, rather peevishly, ‘ You might have shown, without tearing my coat.’—‘ Now could I, your honour?’ was the reply.”

St. Vincent, on the 14th February, he very happily describes as giving the enemy, "*their Valentines in style*;" and that of the Nile has also some truly sailor-like touches.

We have but to repeat our regret that after all, poverty is the lot of this man of many strange sights, vicissitudes, and perils. His tale is quite afflicting.

"At one time, he says, after I came home, I little thought I should ever require to apply for a pension; and, therefore made no application until I really stood in need of it.

"I eke my subsistence out in the best manner I can. Coffee made from the raspings of bread, (which I obtain from the bakers,) twice a day is my chief diet. A few potatoes, or any thing I can obtain with a few pence, constitutes my dinner. My only luxury is tobacco, which I have used these forty five years. To beg I never will submit. Could I have obtained a

small pension for my services, I should then have reached my utmost earthly wish, and the approach of utter helplessness would not haunt me as it at present does in my solitary home. Should I be forced to sell it, all I would obtain could not keep me, and pay for lodgings for one year; then I must go to the poor's-house which God forbid. I can look to my death-bed with resignation; but to the poor's-house I cannot look with composure.

"I have been a wanderer, and the child of chance all my days; and now only look for the time when I shall enter my last ship, and be anchored with a green turf upon my breast; and I care not how soon the command is given."

Sincerely do we trust, and almost assured do we feel, that this notice will do something towards lightening the old man's load; his story has excited much of our sympathy, and we shall take means to render it not a barren feeling.

D'ISRAELI'S NEW SERIES OF CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.*

(Literary Gazette.)

A Reviewer may be compared to a traveller in Africa. There is a great deal of arid ground to go over, long deserts, siroccos from displeased authors, mirages of miserable disappointment, and, ever and anon, districts of surpassing tropical beauty, fertile plains, delicious rivers, palm-trees in the middle-waste, with their concomitant wells to refresh the weary wanderer to these precious Oases. Or, to make a comparison nearer home, he may be likened to a traveller in England. The dusty and uninteresting road, the uncertain climate, now rain, now sunshine, the wearisome hill, the barren tract, the stunted vegetation, the poor entertainment at poorer houses, and the cruel baulks to appetite at showy hotels with bad fare and worse attendance, have their compensations in the picturesque view, the delightful valley, the sublime mountain, the pleasant route,

the romantic ramble, and the comforts of the snug inn, where welcome and all the pleasures of repose and restoration await the visitor. To which of the classes, the agreeable or the disagreeable, these volumes might be expected to belong, no one acquainted with their precursors, (and who of literary taste has not read them with entire gratification?) can fail to anticipate. They are in truth the Oasis of our first simile, or the refreshing resort of our second. So many of the dishes are to our palate, that like an epicure at a feast, we hardly know where to begin: we shall almost at hazard take a portion nearest to us. In the second volume there is a curious paper called *The Book of Death*, founded on a privately printed volume so titled; from this the following is a brief extract:

"My ingenious friend Dr. Sherwen has furnished me with the following anecdotes of death. In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of

* A Second Series of Curiosities of Literature; consisting of Researches in Literary, Biographical, and Secret History, &c. &c. By J. D'Israeli. London, 1823, 3 vols.

Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains, the other after long silence thus offered him consolation. 'My friend, whomever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.'

"At the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the royal victim looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fuses, said, 'Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me!' To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, 'A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear.'

"After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when murdered nearly in the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal hero in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied, 'You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle.'

"When the governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers, who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said, 'Coward to strike there! Come round, if you dare—face, and destroy me!'

"Mr. Abernethy in his *Physiological Lectures* had ingeniously observed, that 'Shakspeare has represented Mercutio continuing to jest, though conscious that he was mortally wounded; the expiring Hotspur thinking of nothing but honour; and the dying Falstaff still cracking his jests upon Bardolph's nose. If such facts were duly attended to, they would prompt us to make a more liberal allowance for each other's conduct under certain circumstances than we are accustomed to do.' The truth seems to be, that whenever the functions of the mind are not disturbed by 'the nervous functions of the digestive organs,' the personal

character predominates even in death, and its habitual associations exist to its last moments. Many religious persons may have died without showing in their last moments any of those exterior acts, or employing those fervent expressions, which the collector of '*The Book of Death*' would only deign to chronicle; their hope is not gathered in their last hour. - - -

"It may be a question whether those who by their preparatory conduct have appeared to show the greatest indifference for death, have not rather betrayed the most curious art to extinguish its terrors. Some have invented a mode of escaping from life in the midst of convivial enjoyment. A mortuary preparation of this kind has been recorded of an amiable man, Moncriff, the author of '*Histoire des Chats*' and '*L'Art de Plaire*,' by his literary friend La Place, who was an actor in, as well as the historian of the singular narrative. One morning La Place received a note from Moncriff, requesting that 'he would immediately select for him a dozen volumes most likely to amuse and of a nature to withdraw the reader from being occupied by melancholy thoughts.' La Place was startled at the unusual request, and flew to his old friend, whom he found deeply engaged in being measured for a new peruke, and a taffety robe de chambre, earnestly enjoining the utmost expedition. 'Shut the door!'—said Moncriff, observing the surprise of his friend. 'And now that we are alone, I confide my secret: on rising this morning, my valet in dressing me showed me on this leg this dark spot—from that moment I knew I was 'condemned to death;' but I had presence of mind enough not to betray myself.—'Can a head so well organized as yours imagine that such a trifle is a sentence of death?'—'Don't speak so loud, my friend!—or rather deign to listen a moment. At my age it is fatal! The system from which I have derived the felicity of a long life has been, that whenever any evil, moral or physical, happens to us, if there is a remedy, all must be sacrificed to deliver us from it—but in a contrary case, I do not choose to wrestle with destiny and to begin complaints, end-

less as useless ! All that I request of you, my friend, is to assist me to pass away the few days that remain for me, free from all cares, of which otherwise they might be too susceptible. But do not think,' he added with warmth, 'that I mean to elude the religious duties of a citizen, which so many of late affect to contemn. The good and virtuous curate of my parish is coming here under a pretext of an annual contribution, and I have even ordered my physician, on whose confidence I can rely. Here is a list of ten or twelve persons, friends beloved ! who are mostly known to you. I shall write to them this evening, to tell them of my condemnation ; but if they wish me to live, they will do me the favour to assemble here at five in the evening, where they may be certain of finding all those objects of amusement, which I shall study to discover suitable to their tastes. And you, my old friend, with my doctor, are two on whom I most depend.'

"La Place was strongly affected by this appeal—neither Socrates, nor Cato, nor Seneca looked more serenely on the approach of death.

"'Familiarize yourself early with death !' said the good old man with a smile—'It is only dreadful for those who dread it !'

"During ten days after this singular conversation, the whole of Moncriff's remaining life, his apartment was open to his friends, of whom several were ladies ; all kinds of games were played till nine o'clock, and that the sorrows of the host might not disturb his guests, he played the *chouette* at his favourite game of *picquet* : a supper, seasoned by the wit of the master, concluded at eleven. On the tenth night, in taking leave of his friend, Moncriff whispered to him, 'Adieu my friend ! to-morrow morning I shall return your books !' He died, as he foresaw, the following day."

The next paper is connected with that whence the foregoing passages are taken, and entitled "History of the Skeleton of Death." After animadverting on the raw head and bloody bones, horrors founded on the tender mercies of our religion, the author says,—

"An anecdote of these monkish times has been preserved by old Gerard Leigh ; and as old stories are best set off by old words, Gerard speaketh ! "The great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine (Germany,) the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed—DEATH ! When that well-learned emperor had beholden it awhile, he called unto him his painter, commanding to blot the skeleton out, and paint therein the image of—A FOOL. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, 'It was a good remembrance !' —'Nay,' quoth the emperor, 'as vermin that annoyeth man's body cometh unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a fained image, and life is a certain thing, if we know to deserve it.' "The original mind of Maximilian the Great is characterised by this curious story of converting our emblem of death into a party-coloured fool ; and such satirical allusions to the folly of those who persisted in their notion of the skeleton were not unusual with the artists of those times ; we find the figure of a fool sitting with some drollery between the legs of one of these skeletons.

"This story is associated with an important fact. After they had successfully terrified the people with their charnel-house figure, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was now employed as a medium to convey the most facetious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow their pencil to sport with deformity ; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy their own homely nature, delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull : to put an eye of mockery or malignity into its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth ; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, to—

ken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of *dancing*! This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality, is the more singular part of this history of the skel-

eton, and indeed of human nature itself!"

Hence the favourite subject of the Dance of Death painted in so many different ways and places.

Varieties.

American invention seems to rival that of England and Germany. The names of Fulton and Perkins are followed by that of Church. This last gentleman is now in London, and, in concert with our machinists, is constructing an apparatus, which, if successful, will improve the art of printing as much as printing itself was an improvement of copying with the pen. His improvement extends to casting, as well as composing; and, by simplifying the casting process, and saving the expense of distributing, he proposes to compose always from new types, re-melting after the edition is worked off. The re-casting for every new composition is connected with the regular laying of the types; and, when thus laid, it is intended to compose, by means of keys like those of a piano-forte, each key standing for a letter or letters. By these means errors would be avoided in the composition, and the progress would be far more rapid than at present.

M. D. EXPLAINED.

Mamma, said a little girl the other day, what do they mean by always putting M. D. after a doctor's name? Why, my dear, returned mamma, you ought to have known that before: M.D. stand for 1500, and the meaning is, that the doctor tries to keep his patients alive 1500 years—if he can!

Some boys at school being required to write an Epigram on the mean occupation of the Poet Bloomfield in the early part of his life, one of them soon brought up the following in triumph:

Bob Bloomfield was a *Shoe*
Maker and *Poet* too.

RETRO-PROSPECTIVE.

This compound word of great meaning has been accidentally dropped out of our latest dictionaries, in consequence of the printer's thinking it a mistake, and inserting retrospective. The following, in the first edition of the Spectator, is, however, high authority for it:—"The next upon the optic list is old Janus, who stood in a double sighted capacity, like a person placed betwixt two opposite looking glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective cast at one view."

The south and west end of St. Ethelbert's Tower, the most conspicuous ornament of the venerable ruins of St. Augustine's Monastery, Canterbury, lately fell with a tremendous crash, and the remaining side must be taken down. It was built about the year 1047, and was a fine specimen of the architecture of the monastic age.

RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION.

By the late population returns it appears that London contains 1,225,694 resident inhabitants, besides 50,000 visitors and seamen. The females exceeding the males by 85,000. The inhabited houses were 164,681; and the number of families 287,101. 3,299 houses were building, and 8,246 were unoccupied.

Within a radius of eight miles of St. Paul's, the surface over which the population of Paris is taken, the numbers are 1,481,500, or double that of Paris, and perhaps equal to that of ancient Rome in its greatest prosperity.

In eight-ninths of the population of Great Britain, there are 34,964 males and 43,049 females between 80 and 90; 2,873 males and 4,046 females between 90 and 100; and 191 females above 100.

In Great Britain there are 2,429,630 houses inhabited; 21,679 building; and 82,364 unoccupied.

The families employed in agriculture are 978,656, and those in trade, manufacture, and handicraft, are 1,350,739; other families are 612,488. The total population being 14,391,631.

UNIVERSAL POPULATION.

The total number of the inhabitants of the globe is estimated at 632 millions; 172 millions in Europe, 330 millions in Asia, 70 millions in Africa, 40 millions in America, 20 millions in the Southern regions.

The *births* in Europe are 6,271,370 a year; 17,453 a day 727 an hour; 62 a minute, and 1 every moment.

The *deaths* in Europe are 5,058,822 a year; 13,860 a day; 587 an hour; 66 a minute, and 1 every moment.—Throughout the universe, the Births are rated at 23,407,407 a year, 63,130 a day, 2,672 an hour, 148 a minute, and 8 every moment.—The Deaths, 18,588,236 a year, 50,927 a day, 2,122 an hour, 135 a minute, and 7 every moment. The number of persons who had attained the age of a hundred and upwards, in the year 1800, according to Larrey, in Cairo, 35 individuals.—In Spain, during the last century, at St. John-lo-Pays, 13 old men received Communion, the youngest of whom was 110 years old, and the eldest 127; their united ages amounted to 1,499.—In England, one man in 3100 attains the age of a hundred. At the commencement of the present century, in a part of Ireland, there were 41 individuals from 95 to 104 years old, where the population only amounted to 47,000 souls.—In Russia, among 891,652 deaths in the year

1814, there were 3,531 individuals from the age of 100 to 123.—In Hungary, the family of John Rovin has furnished the most astonishing instances of longevity; the father lived 172 years; his wife 164; and they had been married 142 years, and the youngest of their children was 115 years of age.

ST. ETHELBERT'S TOWER.

The dangerous situation of the once much-admired ruins of Ethelbert's Tower, at Canterbury, awfully projecting, rendering it expedient to level that beautiful remnant of antiquity, the battering ram was brought to bear on one side of its massy angles, but its compact masonry for some time resisted the united efforts of the workmen. The surrounding spectators uttered shouts of exclamation, as though they had achieved a victory; while the attentive antiquarian could scarce refrain a tear at the premature fate of an object of his earliest veneration and constant regard. Not any thing now remains of this once beautiful specimen of gothic architecture, but a shapeless mass of ruin. Several relics have been selected from that mass, which will no doubt be preserved with pious care.

WOLVES.

We have often read accounts of the ferociousness of these animals, but do not remember so extraordinary a detail as appears in the *Journal de Paris* of the 6th. It is stated, that on the 12th and 13th of Oct. a wolf, five feet long and about five years old, absolutely ravaged the communes of Beurley, Romegoux, Saint-Porchair, and Saint-Sulpice-d'Arnoult (Charente Inferieure.) In its course it tore and dreadfully mutilated, on the first day, no fewer than nine individuals. On the 13th one woman was killed on the spot, and two others terribly lacerated: the Mayor of Gua, with two persons, attacked the animal, but were severely wounded, and would have perished had not assistance arrived. At last this monster was killed by a man named Jean Mesnard.

WAR HORSES.

From Southey's History of the Peninsular War, just published.

Two of the regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine black long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses about 1100 in number; and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed lest they should fall into the hands of the French: he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. As they moved off, they passed some of the country horses and mares, which were feeding at a little distance. A scene ensued such as probably never before was witnessed. The Spanish horses are not mutilated, and these were

sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline that they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

BRITISH INDIGO.

A discovery has been recently made, which promises the most important consequences in a commercial and agricultural point of view. About two years ago, 280 acres of land, near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common holyhock, or rose mallow, with the view of converting it into hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture, it was discovered that this plant yields a beautiful blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the best blue indigo.

CONSUMPTION.

If the writer be not mistaken, he has formerly alluded to a remarkable case which is to be met with in the *Monita et Precepta*, of Dr. Mead.* A young and interesting girl was apparently within a few days of death from confirmed consumption, when a vivid representation, by the visiting clergyman of future punishment and pain, produced the effect of positive insanity. She raved furiously, but now breathed freely! The functions of her lungs were restored, as reason was suspended, and until her mind became again tranquil, all manifestation of pulmonary malady totally disappeared.

LONGEVITY OF THE HORSE.

A horse, the property of the Company of Proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation, was lately freed from further labour, and sent to graze away the remainder of his days. This faithful servant died this month, at an age which has seldom been recorded of a horse: he was in his 62d year.

A quarrel took place lately at Frome between two men; when about to set-to, one of them observed that his opponent had but one eye, and scorning to take the least advantage, immediately and gallantly tied his handkerchief over one of his own eyes.

* A work which, for elegance of modern latinity, stands altogether unrivalled.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE &c.

Early in January will be published, the Annual Biography &c. for the year 1823.

Mrs. HOFLAND has in the press a new tale, entitled Integrity.

Mr. WESTALL is employed on a series of drawings to illustrate the Sketch Book.

Capt. FRANKLIN and Dr. RICHARDSON announce a narrative of their Overland Journey and Observations during the late Expedition to the Coasts of the Northern American sea. Nothing has yet been heard of Capt. Parry, who entered the same sea in the spring of 1821.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern nations, are preparing for publication, in three volumes.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn, collected by the Young Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn, will soon appear. Series I. will consist of—Mandeville, or the Voyage; the Welsh Cottage, or the Woodman's Fire-side; the Creole, or the Negro's Suicide.

Fifteen Years in India, or Sketches of a Soldier's Life; being an attempt to describe persons and things in various parts of Hindostan, are printing from the Journal of an Officer in the Public Service.

Mr. I. HOLMES, of Liverpool, announces, for the 1st of January, his Impartial Account of the United States, drawn from actual observation during a residence there of four years.

The Actress, or Countess and No Countess, a novel, in four volumes, by the author of "Malcolm," "Douglas," &c. will be published in January.

The Noble Pilgrim, a novel, in three volumes, by W. GARDINER, author of "the Story of Pigou," &c.; also Edward Williamson, a narrative, by the same author, will shortly be published.

A Sequel to the Unpublished Manuscripts of Henry Kirke White's, is preparing, by the author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed."

Died, on Wednesday, the 25th of September, aged 60, Charles Evans, better

known by the name of Carolus the Hermit of Tong, where in a lonely and romantic cell on the domain of George Durant, Esq. he for the space of seven years, by his manners and conversation, becomingly sustained the character he had chosen.

There lately accidentally met together, at the Castle Inn, Canterbury, eight persons, who, from their relative connexion with each other, form the following curious fact in consanguinity: There were four sisters, five daughters, one grandmother, one grandfather, three aunts, one grand-daughter, one brother-in-law, three sisters-in-law, one son-in-law, two mothers, one father, one niece to three aunts, one uncle, two wives, and two husbands.

A roll of Papyrus, measuring about eleven inches in length and five in circumference, has been discovered in the Island of Elephantina. It is found to contain a portion of the Iliad, very fairly written in large Capitals, such as were in use during the time of the Ptolemies, and under the earlier Roman Emperors.

A Dutchman, of the name of Meerman, has printed two volumes, quarto, to prove that printing was invented at Haerlem, and the sapient magistrates of that city have complimented the author on his performance. Nothing, however, can be more irrelevant than the pretensions either of Haerlem, Strasburgh, or Mayence. Printing, like every art, was progressive. The first printer was the first man who put an inscription on a coin; the second was the improver who reversed the inscription on the dye; the third was he who printed inscriptions on wax, so remarkable on our bread-seals; the fourth was he who took the impressions on paper or vellum (a puny variation, conferring honour on no one); the fifth and best was composing with moveable types; the sixth, re-casting them on plates; and the seventh and last, printing with steam. It is therefore to the last degree puerile to talk of an inventor of printing.

BONNIE LADIE ANN.

There's kames o' honey 'tween my luv's
lips,
An' gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal e'en look there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luv dare span,
The honey lips, the creamy palm,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wet wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her Lady mou.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
Her jimpey waist maun span—
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han,
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger
o' God,
My bonnie Ladie Ann.

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gold,
Like my luv's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luv wears
Is monie a golden drap.
Her bonnie ceebrow's a holie arch
Cast by no earthly han';
An' the breath o' Heaven's atween the lips
O my bonnie Ladie Ann.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

